

The Enterprise.

VOL. 5.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

NO. 5.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:27 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
8:12 A. M. Daily.	
12:40 P. M. Daily.	
6:57 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
8:02 P. M. Sundays only.	
SOUTH.	
7:33 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
8:02 A. M. Sundays only.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
4:06 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 A. M. Sundays Only.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

First car from Ferry for Baden Station leaves.....	7:35 A. M.
First car from 30th Street for Baden Station leaves.....	8:12 A. M.
First car from Holy Cross for Baden Station leaves.....	8:50 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for Baden Station.....	4:35 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Baden Station.....	5:12 P. M.
Last car leaves Holy Cross for Baden Station.....	5:50 P. M.
First car leaves Baden Station for City.....	9:00 A. M.
Last car leaves Baden Station for City.....	6:00 P. M.
Cars run between Holy Cross and Baden Station every 15 minutes from.....	8:50 A. M. to 5:50 P. M.

COUNTRY AND MAIN LINES.

Last car leaves Holy Cross for Ferry.....	11:25 P. M.
Last car leaves Ocean View for Ferry.....	11:43 P. M.
Last car leaves 30th Street for Ferry.....	12:00 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at.....	11:22 P. M.
Last car for Holy Cross leaves 30th Street at.....	12:05 A. M.
Last car leaves Ferry for sunnyside at.....	12:32 A. M.

NOTE

9:52 P. M. from 30th St. goes to Ocean View only
10:32 P. M. from 30th Street goes to Ocean View only

PARK LINE

Last car from 15th and Guerrero to Golden Gate Park.....	11:27 P. M.
Last car from Golden Gate Park to 15th and Guerrero.....	11:50 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 4:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.....	7:45	4:15
" South.....	11:30	7:00

MAIL CLOSURES.

	A. M.	P. M.
North.....	8:50	12:30
South.....	7:00	

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.....	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
M. H. Thompson.....	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.....	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

SHARKEY, SR., IN NEW YORK.

Thinks His Son the King of Fighters—Being Shown the Sights.

New York.—Tom Sharkey's father arrived here from Ireland on the Canadian Campanian and is being shown the sights by his proud son. Sharkey, Sr., is well advanced in years, but is still quite sturdy. The sailor pugilist took his father to see the pictures of his fight with Jeffries. Although the old man always had a high opinion of Tom he came away from the theater believing that he could whip a regiment or two of Boers and wipe out all the Filipinos in creation. "It's a shame, a crying shame, Tom," the old man said "that they took the fight away from you. Why, boy," he continued, tears welling out of his eyes, "there never was a Jeffries that could beat you. How did they ever let this man Siler take the fight away from you?" "Never mind, dad; we'll settle that some other time." Now that his father is here, Sharkey will not go to Ireland at once.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

Japan and South Africa are importing coal from the United States.

Daily 1000 tons of steel plate are used in the manufacture of steel cars. An electric railway is projected from Dyea, Alaska, to Lake Bennett.

The business of Colorado railroads is delayed by a scarcity of steam coal. The Buffalo, N. Y., Express is printed by electric power from Niagara Falls.

Choteau, Montana, fears a coal shortage because of a miner's strike at Lethbridge.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. will extend its line westward into Wyoming.

The American Steel & Wire Co. employs 86,000 men and averages an output of 700 tons daily.

Leadville, Colo., is weekly shipping 1200 tons zinc ore and concentrates to Galveston, Texas, and Belgium.

It is reported that Lord Iveagh has purchased the Muckross estate, which includes the Lakes of Killarney.

The Philippine Islands report a profitable investment for American capital in the cultivation of rubber—the ficus elastica.

A dispatch from Peking announces that an imperial decree has been issued, appointing Li Hung Chang Minister of Commerce.

Among minor items of news is the rumor that President Krueger is suffering with Bright's disease and that his condition is growing worse.

Melbourne, Australia, imported 737 tons wire fence in August, '99. Of this 409 tons were from the United States, 300 from Germany, 18 from England.

The through sleeping-car service between Kansas City and the City of Mexico, over the Atchison and Mexican Central lines, makes a run of 2396 miles.

Advices from Tien-tsin say that the negotiations of the American syndicate regarding the Hankow-Canton Railway have been brought to a successful conclusion.

Several of the largest mines of the Parral district, State of Chihuahua, Mexico, are to be equipped with electric light and power plants. The machinery for these improvements has been ordered from the United States.

The Brazilian Government has notified the French, Italian and Spanish Governments that Brazil henceforth will adopt differential tariffs against excessive taxes on coffee. Negotiations have also been opened with a view of obtaining treaties favoring Brazilian products.

For several years past, until recently, the prices of iron and steel were lower in this country than abroad, and the result was a rapid increase in our exports of machinery and implements. Now the situation is reversed, and it is with difficulty that manufacturers can hold their trade and make a profit.

Vice-President Mariscal of Mexico, in the course of an article entitled "The Mexico of To-day," relates that for 300 years Mexico has produced one-third of all the silver that was mined. The production at present is more than \$60,000,000 per annum. Mexico expects to supply the world with \$100,000,000 silver per annum.

An official bulletin announces the closing to foreign commerce of Tumaca, a port in the southwestern part of Colombia, on the Pacific. It is reported that that city has been captured by the Government forces. The conscription to obtain men to put down the insurrection is very rigid and business is affected by it.

LAW BOOKS FOR STANFORD.

Making the Library One of the Finest in the Country.

Stanford University.—The law department of the university has just received the entire "Reporter's System" of law books, published by Western & Co. and comprising some 600 volumes. In the collection are the complete court reports of every state in the Union since 1876, "The Supreme Court Reporter," "Atlantic Reporter," "Federal Reporter," "Northwestern Reporter," "Pacific Reporter," "Southwestern Reporter," "Southeastern Reporter," "Southern Reporter," "New York Supplement" and "The English Case Digest." Next semester the entire English reports will be received. The purchase of these books is a big step in the work begun last year of building up at Stanford one of the finest law departments in the country, in which all of the courses offered in Columbia, Harvard and elsewhere would be given, all of which would lead to the degree now given at Harvard and Columbia of bachelor of laws.

IT WILL BE DEWEY ARCH.

The New York Committee Will Not Alter Its Plans.

New York.—The memorial arch committee has changed its mind about keeping the name of Admiral Dewey in the background in connection with the naval arch, and will now use his name prominently. The committee hedges in the following statement issued by Colonel William Conant Church, chairman: "The attack on Admiral Dewey was a shameful one. There was no excuse for it, and it will not lessen our love and respect for him or change us in our purpose to build this arch for him and in his honor. The arch is to be the 'Dewey Arch' in the sense that it has always been."

"If you will look at the arch you will find eight full-size figures and eight medallions. The full-size figures are those of Commodore Jones, Hull, Decatur, McDonough, Perry and Cushing. The medallions are of Admirals Worden, Davis, Dahlgren and Commodore Preble, Bainbridge, Koote and Barry. It is not only a Dewey arch, but a tribute to the whole Navy. The inscription shows that 'To the glory of the American Navy and in greeting to our Admiral, a grateful city, relying on their valor, has built this arch.'"

"It is certain that the fame of Admiral Dewey and the battle of Manila is to be commemorated in the arch, and there is little doubt that it will be known as the Dewey arch, just as the Trafalgar column in London is called the Nelson monument."

RUSSIA SEEKS AMERICAN CARS.

Negotiating a Deal Involving Four Million Dollars.

New York.—The American Car and Foundry Company has under consideration overtures that have been made to it by the Russian Government to supply 3000 freight cars and 200 combination dining-cars. Should the big deal be closed it will represent an expenditure of about \$4,000,000. The cars are for use on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, now in rapid course of completion. The suggestion has been made by the Russian Government that a large plant should be constructed by the American company at some point convenient to the Trans-Siberian road, where the cars, which would be shipped in sections from this country, could be assembled. Repairs could also be attended to at this plant. The plans of the Russian Government contemplate the purchase altogether of more than 20,000 cars.

The American Car and Foundry Company is making efforts to enlarge its foreign trade. Fifteen plants of the company have continued a daily output of 800 cars. An officer of the company said that recently in one week the company took orders from American railroads aggregating \$23,000,000. It is understood that a prominent Frenchman, deputized by his government, has been in this country investigating the facilities that American builders have for rapid delivery. It is reported that the prospective French order is for 6000 freight cars, including twenty-four different varieties. The contract is being estimated as worth \$3,500,000.

Theatrical Couple Quarrel.

New York.—William Barry, an actor now appearing in "The Rising Generation" in Brooklyn, was arrested on complaint of his wife, who charges him with abandonment and failure to support. He was arraigned before Magistrate Brenner and pleaded no guilty and gave bail for his appearance for trial. The couple formerly lived in California and were married at Sacramento two years ago. Barry says that he cannot support his wife, as nothing but diamonds, wines and old ales will please her. He also charges that at Butte recently she stabbed him with a hatpin. Mrs. Barry blames her husband's relatives for all of their trouble.

Emma Nevada May Be in Danger.

New York.—An unsigned letter containing a threat against the life of Mme. Emma Nevada was intercepted by Dr. Raymond Palmer and is now in the hands of the police for investigation. The letter purports to be from a Spaniard, who claims that he followed the singer here from Spain with the plan of killing her. The writer threatens to shoot her on her next appearance and says if he fails he will blow up the Cambridge Hotel, where she is stopping. The police are of the opinion that the letter is the work of a crank. Mme. Nevada has not been informed of the receipt of the letter.

Important Decision Rendered.

Fort Scott, Kas.—In the Federal Court here Judge Williams decided that the law passed by the last Kansas Legislature requiring corporations doing business in the State to file annually with the Secretary of State a statement of its receipts and disbursements during the preceding year does not apply to corporations organized under the laws of another state.

Baron Fava Not to Retire.

New York.—An official cable dispatch from Rome authorizes the denial of the report that Baron Fava, the Italian Ambassador at Washington, will retire and be succeeded by Admiral Canevaro.

NEW TREATIES.

Arrangements for Final Settlement of Samoan Question.

TWO DOCUMENTS ARE NOW READY.

United States, Germany and Great Britain Unite in One and the Other is Between England and Germany.

Washington.—Two treaties for the final partition of the Samoan islands have been drawn and one of them already has been signed. The main treaty is trilateral in character between the United States, Great Britain and Germany, by which the territorial arrangement of the islands is fixed. It is quite brief, comprising only four or five articles, the essential features being that Great Britain and Germany renounce all claims in the Island Tutuila and the outlying islands which go to the United States, and this Government and Great Britain renounce all interest in Upolu and Savaii which go to Germany. The present expectation is that this treaty will be signed in Washington, in which case Secretary Hay and Ambassador Pannecote and Von Hollenben will be the signatory parties, although it is still possible that the execution of the document may occur in London.

The second treaty is between Great Britain and Germany and is longer than the first, covering the rights and interests in Tonga and Solomon islands and other settlements brought about by the Samoan partition. The United States does not sign this treaty and is only indifferently concerned. It is understood that this treaty has already been executed in Berlin and that the signing of the trilateral treaty will bring to a close the negotiations for the division of the islands.

Berlin.—The Post says that the American assertions that difficulties between the United States and Germany respecting Samoa still exist are inexact. It adds that the territorial demarkation is so precise that difficulties are scarcely possible.

London.—The Berlin correspondent of the Standard says: "All the German sovereigns have congratulated Emperor William and Count von Buelow upon the conclusion of the Samoan affair. The future administration of the islands falling to Germany has not yet been determined upon, but it will be, so far as possible, self-government, without a Consul at the head and independent of the German Naval Office. The Governor will be a high civil official without troops and having only policemen. The North German Lloyd Steamship Company will probably establish a direct service between Germany and Samoa."

SUGAR AS ARMY FOOD.

German Scientists Prove It to Be a Highly Nutritive Substance.

New York.—A Sun cable from London says: Germany has just completed elaborate experiments with sugar as food for troops. The object was to test the advantages of sugar diet in cases where great exertions were to be made with in a brief period. According to reports of experiments in various army corps, a favorable result has been secured. Professor Pfuhl, head of the physiological laboratory of the army, states it has been proved that sugar diet increases muscular power in a comparatively short time, considerably shorter than does the white of an egg. The effect of the latter, however, is more lasting, though sugar has the advantage of being much cheaper.

The extraordinary rapidity with which sugar is absorbed by the body explains its rapid effect in the nervous system, which is of the greatest importance in all cases where speedy bodily recuperation is desired, as in long distance marching. Pfuhl, in a series of experiments on himself found that after long walks three or four lumps of sugar removed all feelings of lassitude and to a certain extent restored elasticity to the muscles, the effect being frequently produced in a quarter of an hour. He is of the opinion that artificial substitutes for sugar, such as saccharin, have not the same effect. Professors Senator and Munk of the Berlin University, have come to the conclusion that sugar has a high nutritive value as the purest and most easily soluble hydrate of carbon.

Nellie Bly in Business.

New York.—Mrs. Cornelia Cochran Seaman, known in the literary world as "Nellie Bly," is now the active head of the immense business affairs of her aged husband, Robert Seaman. She and her husband recently returned from Europe and discovered that the business interests of the latter were in rather bad shape. This was particularly true of his manufacturing interests. Mrs. Seaman decided to take a hand herself. She at once assumed charge of all the property and became a woman of affairs. She reorganized the staff, inaugurated scores of reforms, and branched out, and now the prosperity of old has returned. She still keeps office hours and says she will remain in the business world, as she likes it.

ADVANCES IN TIMBER PRICES.

Result of Purchases by Eastern Men—Washington Rates Go Up.

Tacoma, Wash.—The purchase of large tracts of fir forests by Eastern lumbermen has caused a sharp advance in the prices of both logs and standing timber. Stumpage prices have risen within the past thirty days from 10 to 20 cents, according to the accessibility of the timber belts, and it is freely predicted that timber values of Western Washington will shortly undergo a revaluation that will make prices very much higher. Eastern lumbermen are arriving daily to make purchases. Their advent has been hastened by the success of negotiations whereby the Weyerhaeuser syndicate secures a million acres of the Northern Pacific's best timber lands. Many smaller sales have already been consummated. A firm from Eau Claire, Wis., has purchased 750 acres in Snohomish and Skagit counties. Another Eastern concern has bought 7000 acres in Whatcom county from the Washington Mill Company.

These purchasers, together with the members of the Weyerhaeuser syndicate, are preparing to establish mills in Western Washington, their Eastern timber supplies being sufficient to last only two or three years longer. Purchases have commenced of hemlock lands, which timber is getting scarce in the East.

Assigning Shields to Manila.

Washington.—Orders assigning Chaplain David H. Shields to duty with the troops in the Philippines have been revoked and he is ordered to remain in San Francisco, pending further orders from the War Department. This action is due to charges of various misdemeanors on the part of Chaplain Shields while that officer was stationed in Pennsylvania. These charges were made by Bishop Nide of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which denomination the officer is a member. General Shafter, who has been instructed to investigate the matter has reported to the department that Captain Shields' conduct has been irreproachable since his arrival in San Francisco. If a prima facie case is made out against the military minister, he will be ordered before a court-martial for trial.

Admiral Schley Sails.

New York.—Rear-Admiral Schley of the South Atlantic squadron sailed on his flagship Chicago for Santa Lucia, Windward group, where he will coal. Thence he will sail to Bahia and Buenos Ayres. In the Platte he will pick up the Montgomery and the Wilmington.

When asked if he had anything to say to the public, Rear-Admiral Schley held up both hands and exclaimed: "Absolutely nothing."

Steam was on six of the boilers of the Chicago, enough to run her about fifteen knots an hour. With cheers from her crew, music by the ship's band and the acknowledgment of salutes by the dipping of her flag, the Chicago steamed out through the Narrows.

TORTURED BY STUDENTS.

Victim of an Initiation in Indiana Made Deaf.

Muncie, Ind.—At the Eastern Indiana Normal University, Clarence R. Dayton was initiated into the mysteries of a class society. Wagon-axle grease was smeared all over his body and his clothing was torn off and an electric battery was applied. The shock was so great that his sense of hearing has been destroyed and the young man's condition is dangerous. Another candidate was tied to a tombstone in a cemetery and remained there all night.

Michael Davitt Injured.

Dublin.—Michael Davitt was thrown from his carriage in a street accident recently and rendered unconscious by the fall. He revived soon after he had been taken to the residence of John Dillon. Although he complains of injuries to the back and head, his physicians do not consider his condition such as to cause alarm.

Major Logan's Estate for His Widow.

Youngstown, O.—The will of the late Major John A. Logan has been probated. It was made in Chicago, May 14, 1898, just before he left for Cuba. Mr. Logan's entire estate is given to his widow absolutely. No estimate of the value of the estate has been filed, but the deceased was reputed to be quite wealthy.

Army Wedding at Washington.

Washington.—Lieutenant James S. Parker and Miss Katherine Lemley were married at Chevy Chase the other day. After the wedding breakfast the couple left for a ten days' bridal tour before proceeding to Lieutenant Parker's post at the Presidio, San Francisco.

Tariff Plan Rejected by Brazil.

Rio Janeiro.—Brazil has rejected the plan of tariffs proposed by Italy and France, demanding a considerable reduction in the duty on imports of coffee, which are considered prohibitive.

SAMOAN MATTER NOT SETTLED

United States Declined the Proposed Terms.

Washington.—The United States has decided to accept the agreement as to the disposition of the Samoan islands reached by Great Britain and Germany. It was possibly the leaking out of some information to this effect that gave rise to the report circulated in European capitals recently of the development of a serious hitch in the negotiations.

As a matter of fact there is no serious hitch, and the reasons which influenced the State Department here in rejecting the British-German arrangement when it was submitted for approval related entirely to minor matters, and touched rather upon the form than the substance of the arrangement. Having rejected the tentative treaty submitted by the other two powers, our Government has in turn and at the instance of the other parties prepared and submitted a draft of a treaty which it is hoped will be acceptable to all three powers. This is now before the Foreign Offices at London and Berlin for consideration, and it is confidently believed here that it will receive unanimous approval not differing in principle, as already stated, from the original project.

Pacific Coast Pensions.

Washington.—Pensions have been granted as follows:

California—Original, Richard E. Tomlin, Sebastopol, 6. Increase, Nathaniel D. Robinson, Artesia, \$25 to \$27; Thomas Malgan, Cherokee, \$8 to \$12. War with Spain, original, James Gleason, Soldiers' Home, Los Angeles, \$12. Oregon—Increase, David R. Rice, Glencoe, \$6 to \$8. Mexican war widows, special accrued, November 10th, Martha Jane Rogers, Sam's Valley, \$8. Washington—Increase, James E. Hathaway, Ballard, \$10 to \$12; Samuel S. O. Warren, Roy, \$6 to \$10. Re-issue and increase, Frank Louis, Willapa, \$6 to \$8. Original widows, etc., Louise, Hammond, Everett, \$.

the whole story of Cyrus Noble whiskey.

age-purity

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

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Hav, Grain and Feed. ++ ++ Wood and Coal. ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE, Between Armour and Juniper Avenues. Leave Orders at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

Smokeless powder does not rob war of its cloud.

After all has been said, there are still certain links that join golf and shinny.

All the same old and new systems of wireless telegraphy can make current history.

For a man to marry forty women would indicate they were of the ready maid kind.

If the Emperor of China is still alive he must have found some excellent place of concealment.

A "practical" joker who tried to steal some eggs, was cut severely. Probably he will not hatch up another for some time.

A London soap maker is said to intend building a challenge yacht. His hopes, like his soaps, are convertible to bubbles.

Even in the case of a Vanderbilt a "family settlement" of \$6,000,000 may be considered an exceedingly comfortable settlement.

When it comes to practically tripping up the public there should be no more a trust in bananas than in their pavement-strewn peel.

It depends altogether upon the view taken to assert that a man who makes the first move towards building a trust lays a corner-stone.

It seems to have become a settled belief in parts of this country that the way to whoop up a campaign is to take the hoops off of barrels.

A physician declares that one of the chief causes of baldness is intellectual. Is this another mean jab at the sex which does not become bald?

John Ruskin, England's great philosopher, is said to prefer small pigs to babies. He has, however, never advised any man to make a hog of himself.

If these gifts to Dewey of swords and cups and silver services continue to accumulate, it will be in order to build a substantial safe into the new Washington house.

Mrs. Langtry's young husband has gone back to his ma. Perhaps he got hold of some of the sheets of those reminiscences before her friends succeeded in persuading her to destroy them.

If the mere kissing of a pretty girl is punished in Connecticut by fifteen days' imprisonment what would be the Connecticut idea of justice in the case of a man who pleads guilty to having forty-two wives?

There is a man in a neighboring city who advertised in the local papers for a wife. Thus far he has received 140 answers from women who are willing. Yet there is many a splendid young man who goes day after day and evening after evening, yearning and putting it off for fear he may be rejected.

A young man who was being initiated into an Eastern college fraternity has been drowned during the preliminary foolishness of the initiatory ceremonies. There are limits to all things, and the iron hand of the faculty of every college should descend in a hurry upon secret societies conducted upon principles which so sorely tempt a violent onslaught by the fool-killer.

Like a good many other men, Grant Allen, who died recently, had to do much unconvincing work in order that he might live. If he had been possessed of independent means it is practically certain that he never would have written a line of fiction. His temperament and his literary bent were scientific. Yet he found that scientific books yielded but small returns, while novels found a ready sale. Hence he wrote novels—and good ones—as pot-boilers, and put his heart into his biological treatises. And, after all, his serious work will outlive his fiction. Of all the Darwinians he has presented the doctrine of evolution in a guise most attractive to the general reader. "The Evolutionist at Large" will be read when "The Woman Who Did" is forgotten. The one represented his best thought; the other was the creature of temporal necessity.

The Nutmeg State's fate was marked by much the same disorder and rioting as that which doubled the horrors of the sinking of the Bourgoigne. Boats were overloaded and then swamped by the addition of the weight of the steamer's men. There seemed to be no discipline whatever on board. It was a case of "save who can." Unfortunately there is no direct remedy to correct such a state of affairs, for the law cannot well intervene to punish a man for trying to save his own life, even though in so doing he imperils that of another. At the same time the taking of passengers upon a steamer involves a guarantee by the company that it will provide all the necessary human as well as mechanical safeguards against disaster. The officers and the crew of the boat thus assume a responsibility which should lead them to sacrifice their own chances in order to help their charges.

The fertility of the last will and testament is illustrated once more by the Vanderbilt case. Cornelius Vander-

bilt manifested his disapproval of his eldest son's marriage by cutting the boy off with a million and a half, his second son getting the bulk of the estate, and the brothers and sisters each a portion amounting to \$7,500,000. The will of the father, however, is ignored, in one particular at least. The heir who gets some \$50,000,000 puts young Cornelius on the same footing as the other children by giving him \$6,000,000 outright. Rich men cannot take any of their wealth with them when they go to another world. And they seem not to be able to regulate its disposition in this world. They conceive elaborate schemes which they fondly hope will endure and bind their children. But, he is a good lawyer who can draw a contest-proof will. Even Samuel J. Tilden could not do it. And when the will is legally impeccable "voluntary agreements" like that of the Vanderbilt children under the cunningest of wills. Indeed, the word "will" is, in modern times, a misnomer. The document is rather an expression of preference, a suggestion to the dying man's friends, a request, or, more modestly, a wish, to be respected or dishonored, according to the whim of the survivors in interest. Rich men might find it profitable, when thinking of death, to fix their minds on the fortunes of their own souls, and let their wealth be distributed according to the law.

The Philadelphia Medical Journal tells of the failure of an attempt made by several physicians in a certain city to secure an agreement to instruct their newspapers to omit mention of their names except by special permission in writing over signatures. Twenty-nine physicians were asked to sign and of these ten refused, while of those who signed many privately told their journalistic friends to ignore the request so far as they were concerned. The Medical Journal bewails the failure of the plan. Yet what else could be expected? Every one knows that while avowedly physicians are opposed to any kind of advertising, yet few fail to take advantage of opportunities for keeping their names before the public. It is certain, for instance, that the bulletins that are sent out giving the daily condition of a great man's health and signed by the physicians advertise their eminence in the profession. Physicians who have by slow and conscientious work built up as great a practice as they can attend to may refuse such opportunities. But the absence of any way to advertise balks many a young man, who may be in every way qualified, from letting the people know of his existence. Hanging out his shingle does not do it. If only the empirics advertise, it must be admitted that they gain success by it, and the profession should realize that the press is too great a lever to be left entirely in the hands of those who are often not deserving of success.

Recently the New York Evening Post advocated the formation of a "Bible trust," to stop the loss to publishers in that demoralized department of the book trade. The Publishers' Weekly scoffs at the idea, and then goes on to tell why the prospects for a book trust of any kind are uninviting. The object of John Lovell's scheme and the thorny path of the school book trust have proved to the most ambitious promoters that any attempt to organize the whole publishing business would be folly. The school book trust controls the text books of less than ten houses. The houses are important ones, and their output constitutes the bulk of the educational trade, but the trust is now rivaled by two great competitors, while no less than 170 hostile firms keep up a never ending war against it. If this is all the success that can be obtained by a trust confined to one snug corner of the publishing business, it is apparent that an attempt to consolidate the general publishers must be a task before which even the nerve of the professional trust promoter has need to quail. As long as writers continue to increase and as long as printing materials are as cheap as they are now, the chances of a publishers' trust will be both dim and remote. The fact is one on which the reading public is to be congratulated, though it must be admitted that a trust to control and limit the output might not be an unmixed evil at a time when "most of the books are not worth the pulp they are made of."

Soda Water to Relieve Hunger.
Water charged with carbonic acid gas—in other words, soda water—is now prescribed as a palliative for hunger, especially for an abnormal sense of hunger due to disease. Carbonic acid gas has the singular property of lessening the sense of hunger, and may profitably be remembered in dealing with cases of diabetes in which bulimia (abnormal hunger) is a prominent symptom. The seat of hunger is found in the solar plexus. By the use of water charged with carbonic acid gas the branches of the solar plexus distributed through the mucous membrane of the stomach are influenced in such a way that the abnormal irritation of the plexus, which is the foundation for the ravenous hunger often present in diabetes and certain forms of indigestion, may be greatly mitigated if not wholly appeased. Water charged with carbonic acid gas may likewise be employed with advantage in many cases of hyperpepsia in which there is a sensation present in the stomach described by the patient as a growing sensation, "goneness," emptiness, etc.—Modern Medicine.

Objected to the "Coon" Song. "What's dat you wah singin'" asked the old man. "Dat's de lates coon song," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Well, you oughter go on 'bout yoh work, 'stid o' makin' yohself laughable tryin' to imitate white folks' ways."—Washington Star.

MISS ANNA KLUMPKE.
American Girl Who Is the Famous Rosa Bonheur's Heir.
When Rosa Bonheur, the greatest of all animal painters, died she left all her great fortune to Anna Klumpke, an American girl from San Francisco, who for the last two years has lived with the great artist at her Chateau de By, in the forest of Fontainebleau. Included in the estate is also a house in Paris and other property, valued at several millions of francs. All over France heirs to the great estate are springing up, and there threatens to be much litigation before it is finally settled. One of Miss Klumpke's sisters is a distinguished astronomer and is the assistant of Camille Flammarion at the greatest observatory in France.



Another is already making a name for herself as a violinist. Miss Klumpke herself is not yet 30 years old. She first met Rosa Bonheur in 1887, and at once a great friendship sprang up between the old and famous painter and the young girl from the far West. In 1897 she went to the chateau where Miss Bonheur spent her declining days, and has lived there ever since.

SOCIETY KLEPTOMANIACS.

They Purloin Articles of Virtue from the Homes of Officials.

One of the leading jewelers of the capital was somewhat taken aback the other day, says a Washington paper, by receiving from the wife of a high official an order for half a dozen gold nails with a jewel in the head of each, and a dozen small gold chains. He inquired the uses to which the nails were to be put, when his patron said: "You see, I have a number of very valuable objects of art, which, although they are very expensive, are very small, and easily handled. As the wife of an official of the Government, I am obliged to open my house during the season to the constituents of my husband and the Washington curiosity-seeking public in general. On my reception day, therefore, my house is crowded with all sorts of people, and last winter I suffered the loss of several of my most valuable treasures."

"I have long been trying to devise some plan by which I can keep my objects of art outside of my cabinets and yet not have them stolen, for that is the only word I can use in regard to the loss of my treasures. I have concluded that I must either nail down some of the bric-a-brac or chain it securely to the table, and hence I am going to try this remedy. That is why I want these nails and chains."

This woman's predicament is not an unusual one in Washington official circles. The kleptomaniacs who commit the most aggravated depredations are for the most part well-known leaders in society.

Last winter social circles in Washington were greatly bewildered and shocked by the doings of one of the best-known women in official circles. A number of hostesses began to miss valuable doilies from their dinner tables after they had given lunches or dinners, and finally several of them got together and compared notes, and suspicion fell upon one of the women who had been the guest at luncheons given by those gathered at the conference.

Finally, the wife of a prominent diplomat determined to stop the raid upon the doilies, and at the next luncheon she seated the suspected kleptomaniac next to her. When the doilies were brought on she watched her guest and discovered that the latter had laid her doily on the table, and carelessly dropping her handkerchief over it, picked up both.

The hostess, in a most charming manner, turned to her guest and said: "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. —, but I am afraid you have my most exquisite doily in your handkerchief. It is so fine I am afraid it will be crushed, and therefore call your attention to your inadvertence in taking it up with your handkerchief."

The guest was not in the least abashed, and, with a laugh, she shook out her handkerchief, and the doily fell back on the table, whereupon she exclaimed: "Why, dear me, so I have! How very careless of me!"

There were significant glances all around the table, but no more doilies were lost during that season.

Women Scarce There.
The disproportion of the sexes is still very great in West Australia. There are only 54,000 women in a population of 168,000.

The Real Thing: Captain of Football Team—That man Subbs is the best tackler on the team; we discovered him in Lonesomehurst only a week ago. Friend (astounded)—Why, how did he get his training? Captain—Catching trains.—The Freshman.

BOYS AS INVENTORS.

DEVICES EVOLVED TO FAVOR THEIR LAZINESS.

Important Machines that Came Into Existence Through the Desire of Boys to Save Themselves Exertion—Potter, Edison, Watt and the Rest.

It is a well-known fact that laziness has been the means of supplying the world with some of its greatest inventions, and many of them, too, by lazy boys. Humphrey Potter, for instance, when a mere lad, was an attendant on Newcomen's engine—a sort of link between the steam pump and the engine of to-day—and his duty was to open and close a valve. But Humphrey was an idle lad, and he saw that he could save himself the trouble of attending to his work by fixing a plug on a part of the engine that came to the place at the proper time by the general movements. He accordingly did so, and by his ingenuity thus made the important invention in Newcomen's engine known as the "hand-gear."

Humphrey Potter did nothing else worthy of note; but Thomas Edison, who invented a contrivance similar in one respect to his, has followed up his success. When the great American inventor was a boy, he was engaged as a telegraphist at Shottford, in Canada. He was a night operator, and had to report "six" every half hour to the circuit manager. The object of this rule was to prevent an operator sleeping while on duty. But Edison fitted up a wheel with Morse characters cut in the circumference in such a way that, when turned by a crank, it would write the figure six and sign his office call. By a little bribery young Thomas managed to get the watchman to undertake to turn this wheel and the youthful telegraphist slept with safety. Again at Shottford he tried an experiment which showed his inventive powers. In the rear of the office where he worked was a large sink filled with beetles that could not be exterminated. One day Edison fixed wires to an electrical machine, placed the free end of them into the sink, and turned on the current. In a few moments all that was left of those beetles was—ashes.

A little later, at the age of 17, the famous inventor worked at Indianapolis, where he completed his first successful telegraph instrument. It was an automatic repeater, an instrument which transferred the writing from one telegraph line to another without the medium of an operator. This was immediately recognized as an important achievement for one so young. At this time, too, Edison was thinking about his quadruplex system—a system of telegraphy by which four distinct messages, two in each direction, may pass simultaneously over a single wire. This, however, was not perfected till many years after.

The story of Watt and his early experiments to test the power of steam is too hackneyed to quote. Everybody knows of the scrapes he managed to get into for being idle; how he kept taking the lid off the kettle and putting it on again; how he held a teaspoon over the steam as it rose from the spout and counted the drops as they fell.

But there are plenty of similar incidents as fresh as this is stale. Brunel, for instance, of Thames tunnel fame, invented, at the age of 12, a night-cap making machine which is to-day used by the peasantry in a little village in Normandy where he first saw the light. Again, Bewick in the early days of his apprenticeship invented a graver with a fine grave at the point that enabled him to cut outlines in the wood at a single operation.

Of living boy inventors there are doubtless many. A boy of 10, in Ohio, a little while ago, fitted to his bicycle an electric light apparatus of his own invention, the power for which was obtained by the revolving of the wheels when riding. The light was a good success, and when in working order lighted up the whole of the roadway.

VULGARITY OF THE EXCLUSIVE.

Simplicity and Cordiality Are the True Signs of Good Breeding.

In a very candid and plain-spoken article on "The Graciousness of High Breeding," in the Woman's Home Companion, Ella Morris Kretschmar makes these pertinent remarks: "Men and women who by contact or travel know the world's best society need not be told that simplicity and graciousness are the invariable characteristics of the highest breeding. If this fact could only reach the minds of that class of people who talk of 'exclusiveness,' of 'four hundreds,' of the 'vulgarity of trade,' of not knowing any one outside of 'our set,' what a grateful social change would be wrought. That cold stare of the would-be elect is but the expression of an under-bred, poverty-stricken soul. What is 'exclusiveness'? It is that human policy which shuts individuals off from the enjoyment of their kind, by which society gains, since an inharmonious element is thereby removed. How pathetic is the isolation of the determined aristocrat, especially in a small town where, other stirring interest lacking, human relations mean so much. Could even a Divine microscope detect the difference between the naked souls of a banker's and a grocer's wife? How infinitely stupid it is to draw lines in small places instead of honestly enjoying all there is to enjoy. If one has had superior advantages, is there no obligation to give pleasure, to make sunshine in others' lives because of that good fortune? The time is at hand when intelligence will be too widespread, progress to a more vigorous plane of thinking too real to admit of men and women looking askance at one another to make mental invoice of social, financial or other probabilities? Will it not soon penetrate the dulllest brain that wealth, rank or leadership

are powerless as shields against unhappiness, or as props to mental, moral or physical deficiencies; that there is positively no honest or sensible basis for judging individuals excepting individuality?"

MAJUBA HILL.

Historic Mountain Where Britain Met Defeat at the Hands of Boers.
"Majuba" was the cry of the spectators who witnessed the departure of Sir Redvers Buller from Southampton for the seat of war in South Africa. "Majuba!" shouted the soldiers bound for the Cape as their steamer drew away from the dock. "Majuba!" cried the conservatives in the House of Commons when Mr. Morley challenged the government to justify its aggression against the Boers. It has been the war cry of the British in the struggle with the Afrikaners.

And there is good reason why the name of a bleak, desolate mountain should excite the revengeful wrath of the British people. Majuba mountain was the scene of a conflict in which the



MONUMENTS TO BRITONS.
Resting place of the Queen's soldiers who fell at Majuba Hill.

British arms suffered a defeat so crushing that every soldier wearing the queen's uniform burns to blot it out. The British troops sustained no disgrace in their defeat. They fought with the bravery born of continued success and native temperament. But they were beaten so completely that the remembrance of the defeat will rankle until it has been avenged—if that is to be.

The battle of Majuba mountain was a small affair, as battle goes. Fewer than 2,500 men took part in it. It was the completeness of the British defeat and the supreme bravery of the Afrikaners which rendered it one of the historic struggles of military annals.

Sir George Pomeroy Colley was in command of the British forces on the Transvaal border in the winter of 1880-81. He was a brave officer, with supreme confidence in the invincibility of his troops, despite the fact that Colonel Anstruther's command had been annihilated by the Boers at Bronkhor's Spruit, leaving him less than 1,000 men with whom to confront 2,000 Afrikaners under the personal command of Joubert. "Oom Paul" was also with the Boer troops. On the 28th of January, 1881, Colley met the Afrikaners at Laing's Nek, in the heart of the Drakensbergs. In five minutes he had lost 179 men, killed and wounded. Joubert lost three men. Colley drew off to Hatley's Store, threw up earthworks and awaited an attack which did not come. This inspired him with renewed courage and he determined to invade the enemy's country.

On the night of Feb. 26 he led 700 of his men to the summit of Majuba mountain—7,000 feet above the level of the sea. The summit was a crater-like depression with a rim which served as a breastwork. Below it, on all sides, stretched a steep declivity of 2,000 feet—a slope devoid of shelter save for scattered rocks and boulders. By all military precedent the place should have been impregnable. It might have been to ordinary troops, but it was not to the Boers.

At noon of the next day—disdaining the advantages of a night attack—the Afrikaners filled their cartridge belts, deployed in open order and charged straight up the west slope of the mountain in the teeth of the British fire. Sometimes they ran, sometimes they walked, sometimes they threw themselves down and crawled, taking advantage of the shelter of rocks and inequalities of the ground. It took them an hour to achieve the ascent. It took but a moment to spring over the rim of the crater and bring a bloody contest to an end. When the white flag at last floated from the British position it flew over 266 dead or wounded Englishmen. Nearly one-half of the British force had succumbed to the deadly fire of the Boer rifles. Sir George Colley was among the dead. It is an open secret that he perished by a shot from his own revolver, unwilling to survive his defeat. Majuba mountain ended the war. An armistice was soon signed and peace followed shortly thereafter. But the memory of Majuba Hill has not faded. It is a name to stir the British soldier to the depths.

Hydraulic Cement for Peach Borers.

Prof. Smith, of the New Jersey Experiment Station, was quite successful in combating tree borers by mixing hydraulic cement with skim milk and applying to the trunks of trees. This forms a continuous coating and will remain in good condition during the entire summer. The larvae can not penetrate it and a surface of this kind will not be selected by adult insects for the deposition of eggs. In all cases the cement should be broken up with a stiff brush when the danger season is over.

Honey Baths for Gems.

All precious stones are purified by a bath in honey, according to an old idea. Many curious notions are current in regard to gems, as, for instance, that the agate quenches thirst, and, if put into the mouth, allays fever.

Older than Supposed.

Lord Kelvin in a lecture stated that as a result of recent investigations it was estimated that the earth had been the abode of life for about 30,000,000 years.



"A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer; ain't that so?" "I can't answer you."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Help! help!" cried the man who was being robbed. "Calm yourself," said the highwayman. "I don't need any assistance."—Exchange.

An art criticism: "She'd look better without so much powder and rouge on." "Yes. She isn't so bad as she's painted."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Oatcake (reading newspaper)—There are 15,000 Poles in Philadelphia. Farmer Oatcake—Gracious! What a place to raise beans!—Philadelphia Record.

"How long have they been keeping house?" "Well, I understand they usually keep one until the landlord insists on having the rent."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Freddie—It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa? Papa—Yes, my boy. Freddie—Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?—Tid-Bits.

Physician (giving advice)—Lastly, McGorry, don't go to sleep on an empty stomach. McGorry (who is ailing)—No danger ay thot, doctor; Ol always slape on me back.—Bazar.

An Explanation.—"You referred to your friend as a dead game sportsman?" "Yes; he always buys his birds in the market. Dead game is his specialty."—Washington Star.

Muggins—My wife insists upon having the last word. Buggins—You're lucky. In the bright lexicon of my wife's vocabulary there is no such word as last.—Philadelphia Record.

The Missionary—My erring brother, have you been Christianized? The Native—Not completely. They have gobbled all my land, but I still have my few clothes.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Don't be afraid, Willie! Tigers always roar when it's time for them to be fed." "Oh, I ain't afraid, grandpa. Papa makes a worse roar than that when dinner's late at home."—Jugend.

Lady of the house (to applicant for a place)—"Why did you leave your last place?" Servant—"Once I was caught listening at the door." Lady—"Oh, what did you hear?"—Fliegende Blätter.

"How did you manage to escape hay fever this year, Clara?" "I didn't. Papa managed it." "How?" "He said he couldn't raise the money to send me to the mountains."—New York World.

Bride (throwing her arms about the bridegroom's neck)—You are my prisoner for life. Bridegroom—It's not imprisonment for life, love; it's capital punishment.—Sydney Town and County Journal.

Mrs. Wiltby—"I am afraid baby isn't well, dear." Wiltby—"What makes you think so?" Mrs. Wiltby—"He hasn't had anything the matter with him so long that I'm getting real worried."—Puck.

An evasive answer: Banker—"Before I accept you as a suitor for my daughter, I should like to know how you stand politically. Now, I am for gold." Suitor—"That's what I'm after, sir!"—Town Topics.

The Military Obsession: Superintendent—Yes, and where did John the Baptist live? Scholar—In the desert. Superintendent—Quite right! And what do we call people who live in the desert? Scholar—Deserters.—Brooklyn Life.

Tired Tootstrong—"Madam, will you please help a poor, homeless man out of his troubles?" Madam (who was raised in the backwoods)—"Certainly! Would you rather be shot or hit on the head with an ax?"—Norristown Herald.

Mrs. Bugg—"If you keep on being so unreasonable I shall just have to go home and live with mamma." Mr. Bugg—"Stay, my dear, I cannot be unreasonable enough to consign you to such a cruel fate."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Jones called up his first wife at the seance last night, and what do you think he said to her?" said Smith. "Goodness knows," replied Brown. "He asked her if she would give his second wife her recipe for mincemeat."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Parting: She—Henry, dearest, I have at last discovered that I love you! He—Ah, you have heard, then, that my uncle has died and left me \$5,000. She—Sir, after that remark we must part forever! I heard it was fifty.—Judge.

Deacon Black—Dis ain't no pussional queschun; but if a man steals a chicken an' it propah fo' him ter say grace befo' he eats it? Deacon Johnson—"Shuah! Ain't he got two reasons to 'tank de Lawd—fo' de chicken an' fo' not gittin' coteched?"—Puck.

Nailed: Runner-In—"That kind of coat, sir, we have sold up to date for fifteen dollars; we are now offering them for five." The desired customer—"And you've got the gall to openly admit that you've been gouging people to that extent!"—Leslie's Weekly.

She Wished to Break It to Him Gently: "I have decided, she said, 'to return your ring.' He, however, was a resourceful man, who did not believe in letting a woman get the better of him. "You needn't bother," he replied. "I buy them by the dozen."—Chicago Post.

Playwright—"I haven't dared to ask yet whether my tragedy is a success or not, but I've just glanced at an account which says there wasn't a dry eye in the audience." Manager (grimly)—"Yes; here is another account that says they laughed till they cried."—Life.

Electricity for Brain.

A scientist has discovered an apparatus which will stimulate the brain. It consists of an electric band. While scientists have been inventing unnatural ways of making the brain work, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has for fifty years been doing it naturally. It cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles and builds up the system.

Citizen George Dewey probably realizes that Mr. Daniel Cupid shoots straighter than any gunner in Spain.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25 cents.

After a man has made a mistake most anyone can tell him how it might have been avoided.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption. — Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE 81. Trial Bottle containing 2 Weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline's Institute, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

The Pleasantest, Most Powerful and Effective Never Failing Remedy for **La Grippe, Catarrh, Rheumatism.**

TRADE MARK Will cure any ache or pain known in the human body. Send for a trial bottle, 25c. This offer lasts 30 days only. Large bottle (30c) 50c. 5 DROPS each \$1.00 or 3 for \$2.50.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO. 167 and 169 Dearborn St., Chicago.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Conquerors Conquered.

It is a remarkable and instructive fact that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived closed with a violent or mournful death.

Alexander, after looking down from the dizzy heights of his ambition upon a conquered world and weeping that there were no more to conquer, died of intoxication in a scene of debauch, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in his wine.

Hannibal, whose name carried terror to the heart of Rome itself, after having crossed the Alps and put to flight the armies of the mistress of the world, was driven from his country and died at last of poison administered by his own hands in a foreign land, unlamented and unwept.

Caesar, the conqueror of 800 cities, and his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of a million of his foes, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends.

Bonaparte, whose mandate kings and emperors obeyed, after filling the earth with the terror of his name, closed his days in lonely banishment upon a barren rock in the midst of the Atlantic ocean.

Such the four men who may be considered representatives of all whom the world calls great, and such their end—intoxication, or poison, suicide, murdered by friends, lonely exile!

Queer Sights Abroad.

When I was in Aix-les-Bains last summer, I saw a stout German woman sitting at another table eating from an enormous pile of plates. I thought at first she was carving or doing something of that kind, but as the meal progressed and the pile became no less I made inquiry and found out that she was extremely nervous, and the pile of plates—exactly 19 in number—was necessary to raise her food to a point where it would come within her range of vision. She was no less a personage than the Duchess of Sleswick-Holstein.

In Italy they do not use glass in the windows on account of the expense and replace it with wood or other material. In order to relieve the monotony, I suppose, they have a habit of painting household scenes on these blank spaces. In one window you will see an old chap reading his paper and in another a young miss doing up her hair. There are also other scenes of even more intimate family character, which I will leave to your imagination.

In Athens one day I went out to buy something or other, which, I remember, cost 5 drachmae. For it I tendered a 10 drachma note in payment, and in order to make change the storekeeper tore it neatly in two and returned one-half to me. Convenient, wasn't it? —New York Tribune.

Getting Even With Her.

She wished to break it to him gently. "I have decided," she said, "to return your ring."

He, however, was a resourceful man, who did not believe in letting a woman get the better of him.

"You needn't bother," he replied. "I buy them by the dozen."

"Do It and Stick to It."

If you are sick and discouraged with impure blood, catarrh or rheumatism, take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persistently, and you will soon have a cure. This medicine has cured thousands of others and it will do the same for you Faithfully taken,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

His Marvelously Developed Senses of Hearing and Touch.

"It is not always possible," said the retired burglar, "to avoid making a noise in a house; which doesn't seem remarkable when you take into account the fact that a man is all the time in strange houses, and more or less of the time in the dark; the wonder is that a man doesn't fall over something seventeen times in a night and rouse the whole neighborhood. A man's got his lamp with him, to be sure, but he can't be all the time fooling around with that; in his ordinary goings about he relies upon his sense of touch, which comes to be very sensitive.

"A great help to a man in getting about is the fact that there's more or less sameness to houses, in the arrangement of the stairs and halls, and things in general; he isn't an architect, but he has at least inspected a good many houses, and a glance at the start, as a general thing, will tell him how things lie. And so, while he's got his lamp, he relies a good deal on his senses of touch and hearing. I don't know, but it seems to me that I could feel a door, or a wall, or a partition before I touched it, by the compression of the air between it and my shoe as I put my foot forward, and one is in a state of constant readiness to stop. And no matter how hard a man's hands may be they are velvet-tipped as far as the sense of touch is concerned, and as yielding as willow. If he touches anything movable he rarely upsets it, though he may sometimes; but the only wonder to me is, as I said, that he doesn't fall over things right and left.

"But while he is quiet himself, any noise, however slight, made by anybody in the house, he can hear with certainty; he comes to be very sensitive about that, too. If a man in a room overhead gets out of bed and stands on the floor you can feel him if you don't hear him. You know how boards that have been trodden down upon the beams that support them swell up again if they are not walked upon for a time; the fibers of the wood spring back to their original form. Then when you walk on them for the first time, when they settle down, you hear them creak; the way stairs do, the first time anybody goes down 'em in the morning. You might hear a sound like this when a man, however quiet he might be himself, got up and stood on the floor. But if it was a perfectly firm and solid and settled floor, that made no sound whatever, you could still feel him by the vibration of the house caused by the shifting of his weight, communicated to you from the beams of the floor upon which he stood, through the walls, and thence through the beams of the floor upon which you are standing. The vibration might be so slight that it could scarcely be measured by any known means, but in your condition of sensitiveness you could feel it.

"I really believe that in a frame house I could feel a mouse walking on the floor above. I don't mean a rat. Sometimes you hear a rat running across a floor; and that, under such circumstances, makes practically as much sound and shake as a horse would galloping over a wooden bridge; but I mean that I think I could feel a mouse walking slowly over a floor overhead; and you can easily imagine that if a man should knock down anything in a house, anything whatever, why, it made more noise than an earthquake.

"I still have that sensitiveness of touch, just the same; and, though I don't visit other people's houses at a late hour, as I formerly did, I find myself in my own house just as susceptible as ever to the faintest sound or jar."

Don't Use "Esquire."

The word "esquire," or, as it is generally abbreviated, "esq.," is becoming more and more obsolete in America. And it is well that this is so, for it never had any place here. Even in England, where it belongs, it is woefully misused, and always has been, for not one person out of a great many can tell you who are legally esquires. They are all sons of peers, baronets and knights; the elder sons of the younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in perpetuity; the eldest son of the eldest son of a knight, and his eldest son in perpetuity; kings of arms, heralds of arms, officers of the army and navy ranking as captains and upward, sheriffs of counties for life, J. P.'s of counties while in commission, sergeants-at-arms, sergeants-at-law and queen's counsel, companions of the orders of knighthood, the principal officers of the queen's household, deputy lieutenants, commissioners of the court of bankruptcy, masters of the supreme court and those whom the queen may see proper to style "esquire."

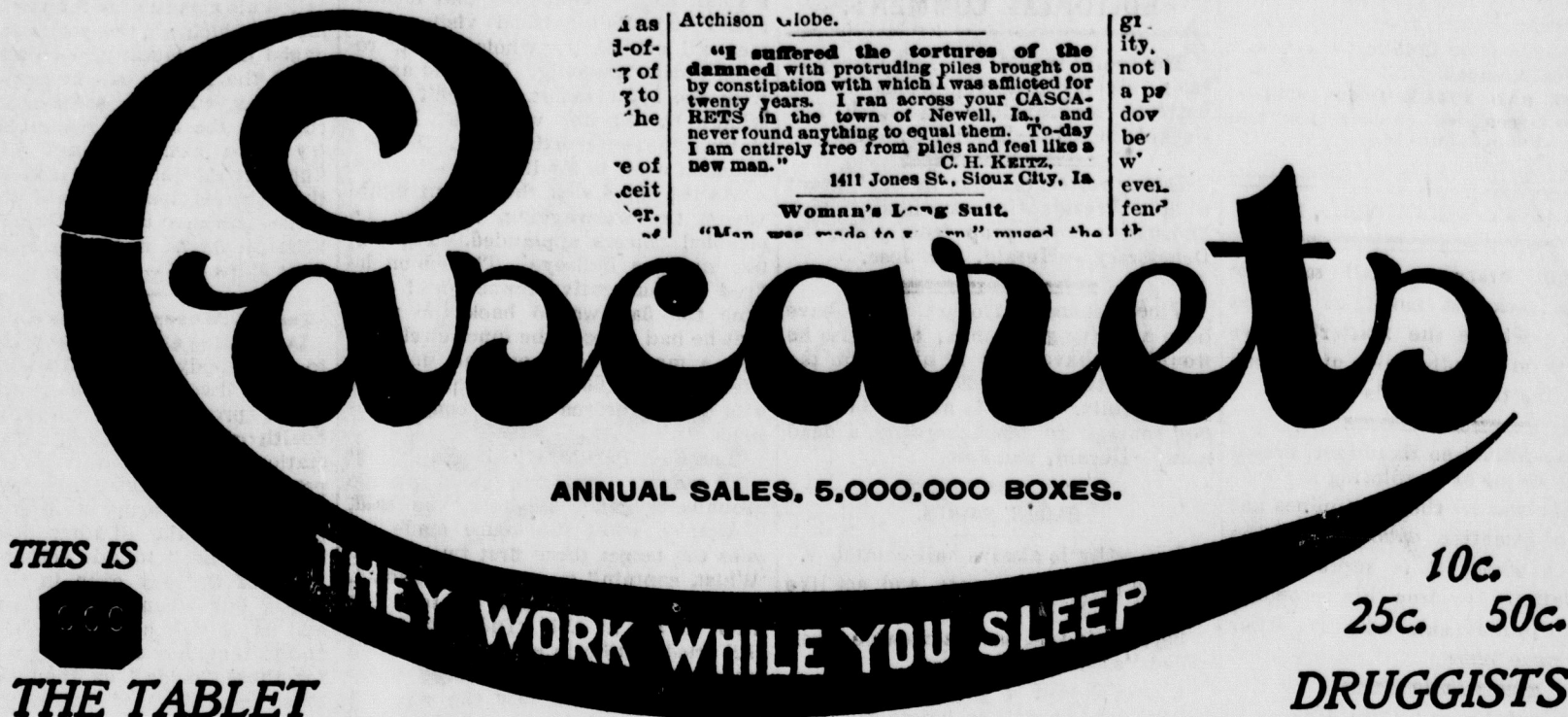
All others have no right to any thing beyond the simple prefix "Mr."

Jews in Palestine.

There is a new Turkish regulation requiring Jews arriving at Yafa to leave the country again in thirty or ninety days, if they come as visitors. There is no provision, however, as to how these people are to be made to return. As the Turks do not accept the word of the immigrants on landing, a system of money pledges has been resorted to. This may be called "fine," "tax," "deposit," "backshish," "bail," or "pledge." It is a money guaranty that the parties will carry out the requirement of the Turkish Government. Unless they pay the guaranty the immigrants have great trouble in landing. In many cases the consul is appealed to, and rather than see them starve or sent back to the steamer, which would probably not receive them again, he gives his word as security that they will leave the country at the expiration of the time specified. Respectable American Jews, going there as bona fide travelers, encounter no more trouble than do Christian travelers. It is the immigrant class—Russian or Polish Jews—who are suspected by the authorities as likely to swell the ranks of the colonists.

Piles

You are costive, and nature is under a constant strain to relieve the condition. This causes a rush of blood to the rectum, and before long congested lumps appear, itching, painful, bleeding. Then you have piles. There are many kinds and many cures, but piles are not curable unless you assist nature in removing the cause. CASCARETS make effort easy, regulate and soften the stools, relieving the tension, and giving nature a chance to use her healing power. Piles, hemorrhoids, fistula, and other rectal troubles yield to the treatment, and Cascarets quickly and surely remove them forever. Don't be persuaded to experiment with anything else!



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A Complicated Flag.

The Spanish royal standard is most complicated. The red and yellow of the Spanish flag is said to be derived from this occurrence: In 1378 Charles the Bold dipped his fingers in the blood of Geoffrey, count of Barcelona, and drew them down the count's golden shield in token of his appreciation of the latter's bravery. The shield, so marked, became the arms of Barcelona, which became part of Aragon, and its arms were taken by that kingdom.

Now to the royal standard: In the first quarter or upper left hand part of the flag are the arms of Leon and Castile, the lion and the castle; the second quarter is taken up, one-half by the arms of Aragon, one-half by the arms of Sicily. The upper third of the quarter (directly under the first) shows the Austrian colors, the lower two-thirds is divided between the flag of Burgundy and the black lion of Flanders; the upper third of the fourth quarter shows the checkers, another Burgundian device, while the lower two-thirds is shared by the red eagle of Antwerp and the golden lion of Brabant, and on the top of all this are two shields, one showing the Portuguese arms, the other the French fleur-de-lis. Considerable of a flag that!

Convincing a Connoisseur.

Some years ago the late Dr. Collette undertook to make a bottle of port that should not cost more than threepence which the best judges should be unable to distinguish from the highest priced wine that could be obtained in the island. The preparation was compounded openly before a large assemblage, and three competent judges were selected to test the product. The basis of this compound was cider, colored with an infusion of logwood. To this he added a few grains of tartaric acid and salt of tartar to give respectively a rough taste and a mellowed appearance. When three glasses of this compound and three glasses of recognized port were presented to the judges to taste and pass their verdict, without being told which was which, they unanimously pronounced in favor of the doctor's cheap preparation and rejected the genuine port. What they would have said the next morning if they had consumed a bottle of this preparation remains a matter of conjecture.—London Chronicle.

Caged Tigers.

When you see the animals in the park menageries pacing back and forth restlessly in their cages, do not take it for granted that the creatures are unhappy or even discontented. It may be that the lion or the tiger or the polar bear that moves about with apparently ceaseless activity is only taking his daily exercise, without which he would pine and die soon. When the wild creatures are in their native jungles, they are kept pretty busy hunting food. Thus each day they walk many miles perhaps. In their narrow cages in the parks they are plentifully supplied with food, but their brawny bodies still demand a great amount of exercise. Mile after mile is paced off daily by the uneasy creatures.

Usually they move with a long, swinging stride, but when mealtime comes around then the step quickens until, when the keeper appears with his baskets of meat, the tigers and lions and other animals leap against the bars and growl and whine and lash their tails. In fact, they act like great, hungry boys do after a long day's tramp if they find that supper is late.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Entirely One.

"And so they were made one." "Oh, I don't know. I believe she still has a mind of her own."—Chicago Record.

He Was "Swiped."

He sat in the reading room of a Chicago hotel with a notebook and pencil in his hand, and after wetting the pencil on his tongue a dozen times without writing anything he turned to the man on his left and said:

"I want to get at an expression, but can't think of it. I want something synonymous with avalanche."

"Would landslide do?"

"I've got that."

"In what sense are you going to use it?"

"Well, I'm running for alderman at a special election in my town, and I want to make a memorandum of how it resulted."

"Oh, I see! You could say you were snowed under."

"Yes; but that's hardly strong enough."

"Buried out of sight."

"That's better, but lacks strength."

"How badly were you beaten?"

"By over 300, where I ought to have had 450 majority."

"Then I should put it that you were literally swiped off the face of the earth."

"That's good—that's the idea. That's strong and euphonious and has rhythm in it. Yes; I was on the ticket and sure of election. I had \$500 up that I had a walkover. I was swiped, and there are not enough of my mangled remains left to fill a thimble. Thank you, sir—literally swiped off the face of the earth and be hanged to me!"—Washington Post.

The art of self defense is inculcated early among some of the wilder tribes of the Caucasus, who instruct their children as soon as they can walk in the use of the dagger.



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KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS
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Will give immediate relief almost in every case.—It cures if taken regularly and sufficient time. \$1 per bottle at your druggist's.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

The San Francisco Call says the Tanforan track lost money at its first meeting. What's the matter? Have the sports on the other side of the bay been pulling the Spreckels leg?

The San Francisco Examiner, grown weary of its job of regulating the conduct of the war in the Philippines has turned its attention once more to the sphere in which it is supreme and wants Jeffries to drop his proposed fight with Corbett and take on sailor Sharkey once more.

The dispatches say Coin Harvey is to be the head center of the next Democratic National Literary Bureau of Information and Education.

Should the selection be confirmed, it should give universal satisfaction, for it will beyond doubt be approved and heartily ratified by all good Republicans.

That extra session of our State Legislature has an exceedingly sick look. The only business in sight for an extra session is the election of a successor to Stephen M. White in the United States Senate, and as the discordant factions into which the Republican members divided at the late regular session seems as far apart as ever, the prospect for a special session is not promising.

Now that Boss Croker and Tammany Hall have declared for Bryan, the boss has suddenly become persona grata at Bryan headquarters. Tammany has been washed and become as white as snow and the ravening tiger gently purrs in sweet accord with the silvery notes of the 16 to 1 political combine, which is in favor of Bryan and the Jacksonian maxim, that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Recent events have closed the mouths of carpers and critics of the conduct of the war in the Philippines. Notwithstanding the rainy season our troops have taken and held about all the territory in the island of Luzon occupied by the insurgents. With Aguinaldo a fugitive, half his cabinet and the President of his Congress captives, the end of the Aguinaldo insurrection seems near at hand.

The dispatches again announce that the report of the Nicaragua Canal Commission will not be made to the present Congress; in fact, that it may not be made for three or four years. The enemies of this measure have succeeded thus far in defeating it by indirection. No man dare to openly oppose the canal, but by quibbling over routes and concessions and securing delay through the appointment of Commissions the construction of the great waterway has been prevented, and by such means will, unless the people rise in their wrath and brush these schemers aside, be eventually done to death.

Next year, when the Republican politicians and platform makers are once more face to face with the voters, they may find it hard to explain why it is, with all branches of the government under Republican control, that the pledge solemnly made at St. Louis in 1896 has not been made good.

A few years ago everybody was talking about a reform of our road laws. The good roads movement became a popular fad and under the impulse of the hour it was resolved that the highways of the country should be transformed from the wretched costly affairs they are into ideal roads, smooth, substantial and durable. California caught the reform infection and provided an expensive State Bureau of Highways. Surveys were made and an elaborate series of bills were introduced into the Legislature, which were finally killed by the Executive veto or suppressed by the Supreme Court. But one measure of all the proposed road reform acts survived the wreck of good roads legislation,

viz.: the wide tire law, which, by its provisions, is to take effect on the first day of next January. But, as the time approaches for the reform to become law, the hue and cry has been raised against it, and it is to be condemned and buried in the rut holes of our country mud roads. So ends the great movement to give this State a system of up-to-date modern roads. The only vestige left of all the agitation for road reform is the magnificent State Bureau of Highways at Sacramento.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The sports would pay big money to see a six-day go-as-you-please match between Aguinaldo's legs and, Mr. Bryan's mouth.—Herald, San Jose.

Dewey reiterates that he don't want to be a Presidential candidate, which knocks one more prop from under the Democracy.—Herald, San Jose.

Vice-President Hobart must have been a pretty good man; otherwise he would not have been in his coffin the object of the yellow Examiner's indecent assault. There is neither honesty nor courage in blackguarding a dead man.—Herald, San Jose.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

Sympathy is always half contempt. Some people talk sense, and act like fools.

Begging is just as disagreeable when called "soliciting."

A man should be ashamed to swear before men, as well as before women.

If you must go to law, hire the best lawyer in town. The law is always on the side of the best lawyer.

A great many funny things are going on in the world, if you have sense enough to see them.

Even if you do not live in a glass house, it is a good idea to refrain from throwing stones.

No man would be willing to write for a newspaper what he actually thinks, and sign his name to it.

Some people have a way of finding the little good there is in you, and encouraging it, but the majority find your devil, and nag him.

Spiritualism is a mental infirmity. When one branch of this fad disappears, another soon appears to take its place. A certain proportion of the people must be amused in this way.

A man who is treated well at home is worth anywhere from twenty to ninety dollars a month more than a man whose wife belongs to clubs, and can't cook, or keep her house comfortable.—Acheson Globe.

LITERARY NOTES.

The contributors to the December Ladies' Home Journal include Finley Peter Dunne (author of "Mr. Dooley"), Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, Ian MacLaren, S. T. Pickard, Mrs. Burton Kingsland, Edward Bok, George W. Cable, Albert W. Smith, Dan Beard, Franklin Fyles, Sara Beaumont Kennedy, and a half-score of other equally well-known writers. To the pictorial embellishment of the same number A. B. Frost, W. L. Taylor, H. C. Christy, Frank O. Small, Walter Russell, Lucius Hitchcock and others have contributed their best efforts. The Christmas Journal covers an unusually wide field of interest. The great festive day is the theme of carol, story and picture, and of various practical, useful articles, while numerous topics that are uppermost in the minds of women and helpful in the conduct of the home, are practically discussed. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar a year; ten cents a copy.

A DOZEN HOERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE ENTERPRISE.

I saw in a field six hoers strung
To the swish of their hoers this song they
sung:
"Our souls are happy and blythe and free
And we don't care a fig for Markhamby."

I saw six hoers strung in a field
And they leaned on their hoers and their lips
were sealed,
With their eyes on the ground in hopes to
see
Some gate of escape through Markhamby.

The earth to the first rich harvest yields;
For them birds sing in their flowering
fields—
So pleasant those lives, and fair to see,
That had never a thought for Markhamby.

I saw six hoers sit in a field
As they ate what they stole from their
neighbor's yield—
But a turkey stalks, and the bair is
sealed—
Escaped to prison through Markhamby.

I see six hoers over the way
With six little Japs whom they hire each
day,
From the scorching rays their forms to
shield,
While the swing of their hoers brings richest
yield.

With beautiful minstrel's roundelay
To soothe and to charm the live-long day—
And their brides and homes a delight to
see—
They didn't shirk work through Markhamby.
A. T. Work.

The London riding schools have begun to supply female grooms, who, instead of following their mistresses through the park at a respectful distance like a male attendant, ride side by side with their mistresses, thus alleviating the silence attending the old-fashioned morning canter with a male groom in the rear.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$500 a year and expenses. Strictly bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent, no references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

HIS REPUTATION SAVED.

How a Crack Shot Became Indebted to an Irish Sergeant.

"They tell a funny story in the army about Captain Patillo, the crack shot," said one of a party of late diners. "According to the yarn, General Miles and a high Washington official once visited a western post where the captain was stationed and sent word that they would like to see a little exhibition of his skill. Patillo happened to be quite sick at the time, but he couldn't very well refuse and presently appeared on the long distance range. He blazed away, and an Irish sergeant, who had been sent out to act as marker, waved a small flag. 'What does that mean?' asked the distinguished visitor. 'It means I missed the whole target,' replied Patillo gloomily. He tried again, with the same result. 'I don't know what's the matter with me,' he exclaimed in deep mortification. 'I never did such work in my life.'"

"At the third shot the distant figure varied the wigwagging, and the assembled officers applauded. The signal meant a bullseye. Thereupon he fired 20 consecutive rounds, and each time the flag waved back the news that he had pierced the inner circle. It was a marvelous record, an unparalleled score. The distinguished visitor was very gracious in his congratulations.

"Later on Patillo, still beaming, met the marker crossing the parade grounds. 'Hello, sergeant,' he said. 'I wonder what the deuce made me miss the target those first two shots?' 'Whist, captain!' replied the Irishman, drawing close. 'Tis divil the toime ye hit it at all, at all! 'Didn't hit it at all!' cried Patillo in amazement. 'Then why did you signal all those bullseyes?' 'Faith, sor,' said the sergeant reproachfully, 'I knew yer ripylation was at stake.'—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

FATE OF HIS DRESS SUIT.

Loaned It to His Friend, and Now It Is Buried in the Grave.

"No, I am not going out in the evenings just now to anything but strictly informal affairs," remarked a friend of the saunterer the other day. "Why? Well, because just now I am not the possessor of a dress suit and lack the wherewithal to purchase another. It happened this way: I had a friend, a good fellow, who came to me one night and asked me if I wouldn't lend him my swallowtail. I consented, but I told him I wanted the clothes back the next week, as I had a function to attend myself.

"Well, to make a long story short, the week went by and not a word from my friend or not a sign of my evening duds. I had to cross my date and was pretty mad, but I didn't say anything. Another week went by and still no word. Then I decided to go out and hunt up my friend and find out if he intended to keep my clothes forever. 'I called at his boarding house and rang the bell. His landlady came to the door. When I asked if my friend was in, she gave a gasp of astonishment and exclaimed, 'Why, didn't you know he was dead and buried?' 'It was my turn to be knocked out. After I recovered my breath, I explained that I had not heard the news and had merely called to take back my dress suit. It would doubtless be found among my friend's effects, I explained. 'The landlady turned pink, white and then pink again. 'Why,' she gasped, 'that must have been the suit we buried him in. It was the only good one we found among his wardrobe.' 'So you see the reason why I say no to R. S. V. P. notes just now.'—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Getting Rope Sense.

A peculiarity about roping horses or steers with a lasso is that after getting a hard fall a few times they quickly get "rope sense." I have often seen them, in a corral, stand stock still when the rope falls across their backs—even when, as a matter of fact, they are not caught. If any reader has ever encountered a clothesline while running at full speed in the dark, the line stretched at about the level of the throat, he will notice that he doesn't run across that lawn any more after nightfall. He's got "rope sense," in fact.—Wide World Magazine.

Why She Enjoyed It.

On Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homewards, he was accosted by an old woman, who said: "Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular and answered: "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?" "Oh, sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat!"—Scottish Nights.

Queer Lot.

Stranger—I have heard that you have a good many queer people in this town.

Citizen—As odd a lot as you'd find in a year's travel. They are a queer set, the whole of 'em, outside my family. And my wife is almost as bad as the others. But then, you know, she wasn't originally of my family.—Boston Transcript.

A peculiar clock of the time of Charles I was the lantern, or birdcage style, which hung from the walls high up, with its works exposed.

Submarine volcanoes are constantly being discovered, and are at times, owing to their sudden appearance, a great danger to navigation.

Slandering the Hatchet.

"They continue to find fresh defects in Washington's character." "Anything particularly new?" "Yes. They say his manner of illustrating the truth was a little lax."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Plea For Water.

"If there is anything I dislike," remarked Colonel Stilwell, wiping his mustache with impressive deliberation, "it is a bigoted person. Some of the people at my home in Kentucky came very near taking permanent offense at me, but I held out and finally convinced them."

"What was the discussion about?" "It was the old controversy. Somebody mentioned water, and Judge Morgan stated his opinion that it was something that ought to be abolished. The major argued for its use in moderation, but the judge wouldn't have it. I was sorry to disagree with the judge, but I stated my arguments and clinched them so that he had to give in. I called his attention to the great achievements which all the world is now engaged in applauding. I recalled to his mind the glories of our naval heroes, the men who are so proud of their country, the men of whom their country is so proud. Then I pointed my finger at the judge and asked him how those naval heroes could have done these glorious deeds if there hadn't been plenty of water for them to sail their ships on."—Washington Star.

Trains, Worry, Disease and Death.

Late trains are a source of annoyance to everybody. The British Medical Journal dwells upon the very serious result produced by them upon the health of travelers. The rush to the station to catch the train which may perchance be punctual; the weary wait on drafty platforms or in stuffy waiting rooms; the dilatory journey—all these, we are told, add seriously to the labor of the day even in the best of times, but when the weather is cold and damp they are still more injurious and in that they are largely responsible for those "colds," as they are called, those conditions of depressed vitality which are the starting points of most of the acute diseases from which men suffer and from which the elderly and the feeble die.

Genuine Courtesy.

Surface manners are like cut flowers stuck in a shallow glass with just enough water to keep them fresh an hour or so; but the courtesy that has its growth in the heart is like the rose-bush in the garden that no inclement season can kill and no dark day force to forego the unfolding of a bud.

A Convincing Answer.

There are many people who do not care for libraries who pride themselves on having "only the books they read" about them, but the answer made by a distinguished scholar to one of those persons very well illustrates how valuable is this idea as to what a library should be. The scholar was connected with an institution of learning which had been greatly helped by a liberal man of the neighborhood, but the liberal man was not much of a sympathizer with the idea of increasing the library. When appealed to in the matter, he replied:

"More books? Dear me, it seems to me you've got more than you can read now. Have you read all you have at ready?"

"No," returned the scholar, "and I never expect to read them all."

"Then why do you want more?"

"Let me ask you," said the scholar, "did you ever read the dictionary through?"

"Certainly not," was the reply.

"Well, sir," said the scholar, "a library is my dictionary."

The answer was convincing, and the merchant provided the professor with the funds he wished for.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Can't Be Done Now.

"An increase of salary!" exclaimed the pompous manager of a small omnibus company to a clerk who had just made that request. "I am afraid, sir, that you are too extravagant!"

He toyed with his heavy watch chain and looked severely at the young man, who returned his stare boldly. It was the set phrase on such occasions, and the applicant had heard it all before. He meant to have that rise or go somewhere else.

"Excuse me, sir," he replied respectfully, "I haven't any chance to be extravagant on what I earn."

"Young man," continued the pompous gentleman, "I have risen from the monkey board. How? By being careful. When I was young I made money by saving 'bus fares.' 'Ah, that was in the old days,' said the young man, with a knowing wink. 'But with the bell punches and the present system of inspection, you would find you couldn't save sixpence without being collared, however careful you were.'"

The manager nearly fainted, and the young man had to seek other employment.—London Standard.

"Family" in the Census.

There are some queer features about the census use of the word "family." It means practically those who eat at the same table. A hotel is a family. The Memorial Hall Dining association at Cambridge is a family; so is the Danvers Lunatic asylum. A stray man who keeps bachelor's hall is a family. The necessity for this use of the term came with the question of enumerating domestic servants. It was found absolutely impossible to attach them to their own families, scattered as they are. They had to go with the family they were living with. This led to a continuation of the principle, with the result mentioned. As it works out, the census family differs from the actual family in size only by a small fraction of one person.—New York Post.

Would Be Novel.

"I would like to say something that strikes the public as thoroughly original," remarked the politician.

"Well," answered the friend, "you might admit that a visit of yours to any city under any circumstances had some political significance."—Washington Star.

A WARM RECEPTION.

He Arrived Home Too Soon and Did Not Make a Good Impression.

This resident of Alfred street came home at the end of one week instead of three, as he intended when he started on his business trip. He had his valise in his hand and rang the doorbell with a vim.

"Pity you couldn't bring a gong with you," snapped the sour faced maid who answered the call. "What's the sense of makin such a racket? We don't want anything today." And she slammed the door in a way that showed she didn't mind noise if she made it. "Open that door!" shouted the angry owner.

"Go on, now. We don't buy nothin of peddlers, we don't. I has my orders. Quit kickin that door, or I'll telephone for the police. Don't you think you kin skeer me. Git a chase on yourself."

"Let me in at once. I'm the proprietor of this place, the husband of your mistress."

"That's a likely story, sich a lookin ole frump as you are. Make yourself scarce now fur a baldheaded ole fraud."

He was ten times madder, because he is 15 years older than his pretty wife, and jumped up and down on the veranda while he shouted, waved his valise and vowed all kinds of vengeance.

Before he was placid enough to see straight the virago was upon him with a fiatiron, and there was nothing for him but ignominious flight. He was just well under way when his wife appeared from down town and called a halt. Of course he sailed into her for having such a girl, gave the maid five minutes' notice, went through the house like a storm and could only smile the sickliest smile when he saw the new servant scudding through the back gate.—Detroit Free Press.

Supposing the Ax Had Fallen!

Some years ago an inquisitive medical student, while examining the guillotine in a big waxworks exhibition in London, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled.

His curiosity on that point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found, however, that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp ax suspended over his neck might not be firmly fixed, or it would fall, as it should, with a touch.

He was afraid to struggle lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposited his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking.

Having staid some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. It was in vain.

"I'm thinking," said the gentleman, a Scottish visitor to the metropolis, to his wife, "that he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere."

So the luckless student was left till one of the attendants came in and made fast the ax before releasing him from his predicament. The ax was afterward removed and laid by the side of the structure to prevent future accidents.

Alcohol was first distilled by the Arabians, and when we talk about coffee and alcohol we are using Arabic words.

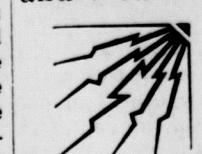
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South San Francisco, Cal.

Western Turf Race Track.

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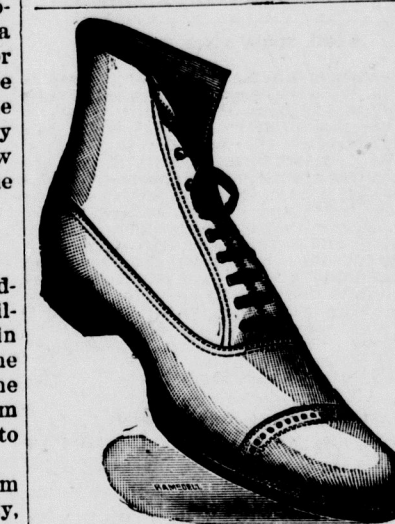
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Grand Avenue,

Next to P. O.

South San Francisco, Cal.



First-Class Stock

BOOTS : and : SHOES,

Constantly on hand and for sale

Below City Prices.

All kinds of Foot Gear made to order and Repairing neatly done.

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AND HOME of New York

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

House Broker,

Notary Public.

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN NEWS.

The pottery works are busy filling orders.

The tree planting season is here. Don't fail to improve it.

Contractor Medus has finished his work on the Cunningham cottage.

Now that Thanksgiving is over, get ready for the Christmas holidays.

Who will be the next wage earner to acquire a home in our thriving town?

Capt. Robberg has his field south of town ploughed and ready for seeding.

Kaufman has a fine line of footgear at his shop and store on Grand avenue.

Tom Benner of the Court saloon spent his Thanksgiving holiday in the city.

J. Barry has rented one of the Tilton cottages and will occupy it with his family.

Lively times are in store at Tanforan Park next week with the resumption of racing.

Applications for houses and cottages to rent are of daily occurrence with none to be had.

The People's Store has a fine lot of new holiday goods, which are going off at city prices.

Charley Johnson has charge of the construction work on Henry Michenfelder's new barn.

Henry Michenfelder has commenced the construction of a commodious barn at his Armour Hotel.

For fire insurance in first-class companies, apply to E. E. Cunningham at the Postoffice building.

George Wallace won his Thanksgiving turkey at Terry Masterson's turkey shoot last Sunday.

Business at the big packing-house is good. The holiday beef, mutton and pork will soon be in evidence.

The Fuller paint and oil works continue to run full-handed with plenty of work for its army of employees.

A large delegation of Colma citizens were in town on Tuesday in attendance as jurors in the Imhoff case.

O. M. Howard, formerly station agent at this place and now of Elmira, Cal., paid old friends here a brief visit one day last week.

On Friday, December 1st, Claire E. Crocker returned from Napa and accepted his old position at the Postoffice as assistant postmaster.

Services will be held at Grace Mission Church by Rev. E. H. Benson on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 10 a. m.

Mrs. John Schirck returned home on Thursday last after a seven-months' visit among friends in old Ireland, and John is himself once more.

Our local band furnished the music and good music it was, on Saturday evening last, at the reopening of the skating rink at McCuen's Hall.

W. T. Collins of Placer county arrived on Tuesday and will spend a couple of weeks here pleasantly visiting his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Collins.

The rains have made the roads so heavy that the rock quarry and crusher have closed down for the present. Work will be resumed as soon as the roads are passable.

Now that the grass is green again the town is overrun every night with loose cattle and horses and occasionally a goat or two is to be found wandering about at its own sweet will.

The second trial of George Jenhoff, charged with the violation of the new county license ordinance, having resulted on Tuesday in disagreement of the jury, the action was dismissed.

On Tuesday evening a raffle for Thanksgiving turkeys was held at George Kneese's Pioneer grocery store and the stock of fat turkeys and round geese were quickly disposed of.

Any capitalist would be perfectly safe in building a score or more of dwelling houses for rent in this town. They would be occupied as fast as completed and pay good interest on the investment.

The children of our public school were given a short vacation on Wednesday afternoon, extending from that date to Monday morning to enable both teachers and pupils to properly enjoy Thanksgiving.

The second meeting of the Western Turf Association will open at Tanforan Park on Monday and continue until December 16th. Much improvement has been made to buildings and grounds during the past two weeks.

The L. H. Zehender has quit the service of the Western Meat Company in which he was employed as a traveling cattle buyer, necessitating absence for the greater portion of his time, and has accepted a position with the Steiger pottery company.

Thanksgiving has come and gone once more. The day found the people of this little town blessed with health and happiness. No one was too poor to provide the annual feast common to the day. The day was enjoyed by every one in the good old-fashioned way.

A. B. Frost, the well-known illustrator of rustic types has just completed a series of pictures of "People We Meet in the Country" for The Ladies' Home Journal. The first of these, "Coming Home for Christmas," is published in the December number of that magazine. Others are "At the Country Store," "When the Circus Comes to Town," "At the Railroad Station," "The Town Meeting," etc. Each will be printed in full-page form and will be an interesting feature of the successive issues of the Journal.

We have just received from the Southern Pacific a new map of the State of California, issued by the big railway corporation. This latest publication of the company is a model in the way of map making and contains a large amount of valuable information regarding the resources, attractions, topography and climate of this great State.

On Wednesday morning the south bound train due here at 7:33 was derailed a short distance on this side of Baden station, delaying the morning mail a half hour and preventing the 9:13 northbound train from passing.

To meet the emergency the Fuller train was run to Tanforan Park to enable passengers from this place to catch the 9:13. In the accident the trucks of the baggage car were broken and the baggage and express car and one passenger coach were derailed. Fortunately no one on the train was injured.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our good people to the fact that we are soon to have a resident minister of the Gospel in the person of the Rev. E. H. Benson, who has recently been holding services at Grace Mission, and who will have permanent charge of the church and make his home with us. We are informed that our young minister took unto himself a helpmate for life during the past week and will shortly bring his bride home to the Vanderbeule residence on Grand avenue. A member of Grace Mission very fittingly suggests that the most appropriate and beyond doubt the most acceptable greeting our good people can extend to our young minister and his fair bride will be to fill Grace Mission Church to overflowing on Sunday, and we take this opportunity to remark that the little church should be filled every Sunday.

RAILROAD ACTIVITY.

Owing to the withdrawal of the freight transfer boats from its route between San Francisco and Oakland for repairs the bulk of the overland freight now enters the city by way of this peninsula. In consequence from six to ten freight trains are passing this point daily. Since the rush began it has become necessary to place a night operator in the various stations along the line.—Leader, San Mateo.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of the letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., December 1, 1899:

John Balittle, W. Daly, Anna Goodwin, George Huckman (returned to Armour Hotel), Lee Hawkins, Mrs. J. Hoass, P. Mantaino, J. Miller, Michael O'Neill, John P. Perry, M. Reynolds, Dan Shonguist, Mary Jane Smith, Albert Stephens, Frank Sneling, B. A. Wilson, George L. Wood.

Foreign—George Baylis, 2; Manuel Cota Viera.

E. E. Cunningham, P. M.

UNION COURSING PARK.

Mac's Melody ran up to the form she showed on Saturday and won the very high-class stake at Union Park Sunday. She was none too fast in her first course in the morning, but after that she burned grass in a style that gave joy to her backers. She was 15 to 1 in the book. Sleety Mist was more of a surprise than Mac's Melody as she became the runner-up and gave Mac's Melody a good race in the final. Her work was all the more sensational, as she beat Forest King at 5 to 3 short, and Wild Tralee at 3 to 1 short before meeting Thornhill in an odd course. The two were doing very even work though Sleety had led by a small margin. A circling hare ran around the judge's horse and then between his legs. The dogs tried to follow and Sleety Mist ran into the horse's legs and was knocked over. She regained her feet without injury and soon was outworking the clever Thornhill.

The final of the stake left over from last week was won easily by Cavalier, though neither he nor Sweet Emma did any too clever work. Sweet Emma was fast and strong, but she was wild as Teirona. Cavalier was a 5-to-3 favorite and that was an extremely good price for him under the circumstances. He led to the hare by three lengths and had the best of a mixed working course.

The puppy stake went to R. E. de B. Lopez' two crack youngsters Pepita and Carmencita. They have won honors several times in the past few months, but the laurels they earned yesterday were the highest they have gained, as they got them in one of the highest class and largest young dog stakes that has ever been run. Pepita surprised the talent by defeating the 2½-to-1 favorite Vulcan in fine style. Pepita also beat Border's Best, who was heavily played to win the stake.

The talent had a fine time of it nearly all day long, for in addition to the short-end winners already mentioned there were but three others to beat the favorites. Rough Rider won twice on the short end at 3 to 1—once with Forest Queen and once with Lady Clare. The latter was a fluke.

The draw for the big Thanksgiving day stake will be held this evening, and the draw for the regular open stake will be held on Thursday evening this week instead of on Wednesday.—S. F. Chronicle.

As soon as you can find time scrape the old bark off the fruit trees, and thus destroy in their own quarters myriads of your insect foes, which are just getting ready to begin their war on your trees and plants.

The Colorado Southern railroad is figuring to get control of the Colorado Midland.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND HONEST persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$500 a year and expenses. Straight, bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

Yawning in a Theater.

Have you ever observed at a theater or concert that the people who are most deeply interested appear between the acts to be quite weary of the whole thing, yawning half a dozen times in succession? The reason of this is a physiological one. When your attention is much absorbed in anything exciting or touching, you breathe in a very shallow manner and take into your lungs only half enough air. Consequently, when your attention is relaxed, you have to make up the deficiency. This you do by yawning, which, after all, is only breathing a very deep breath.

If you watch a man at a play and observe that he is greatly moved by some incident, you may feel sure that when the scene ends he will sigh, and a moment or two later yawn repeatedly. Of course the yawning, so far from being a sign of weariness, is a proof of the liveliest appreciation.

A Bullet in His Brain.

A hospital physician pointed out an orderly to a gentleman who was visiting the institution recently and said: "That man has for five years carried around a bullet in his brain. Five years ago he became despondent because of poverty, put a 32 caliber pistol behind his left ear, pulled the trigger and fell apparently dead. The ball made a small, round hole and remained lodged somewhere in his head. A few hours after he was brought here he regained consciousness, and, greatly to our surprise, he made a rapid recovery. The wound was never probed, and no effort has been made to locate the bullet. After he was able to walk about we noticed that he was a trifle irrational—not mad you know—but weak-minded. A considerable portion of his brain must without doubt be entirely destroyed. The human animal is certainly the hardest thing on earth to kill."—New York News.

Got the Watch.

A Camden lawyer put up a bluff successfully not long ago. A client came to him and explained that a young man had bought a watch from him on the installment plan. He made one payment, gave the watch to a young lady and skipped out. The client wanted to know if he could recover the watch from the young lady. The lawyer said that he could not without spending more money than the watch was worth, except the young woman could be bluffed. The client said a bluff would be paid for if successful, and the lawyer posted the following letter:

"Dear Madam—The watch recently presented to you by Mr. Blank was obtained surreptitiously from the establishment of my client, and unless it is returned by next Tuesday morning I will be obliged to, very reluctantly, dispatch a judicial functionary to your residence with process."

The watch was delivered the following morning and the lawyer received a fine gold chain for writing the letter.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Sponge Animal.

If the sponge as brought up fresh from the sea bottom were a familiar object, says Dr. Ledekker, few would be in doubt as to its being an animal. When fresh, it is a fleshy looking substance covered with a firm skin, and if cut it presents somewhat the appearance of raw meat. Its cavities are filled with a gelatinous substance called "milk." American sponges, and those of all other parts of the world, are inferior to the sponges of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. The finest of all sponges is the Turkey toilet sponge, which is cup shaped. The American sponge most nearly approaching it in quality is the West Indian glove sponge.—Youth's Companion.

What Cocaine Is.

Cocaine is an alkaloid of a small shrub found in Peru and Bolivia. The official name of the drug as used in medicine is cocaine sulphate, a salt derived from the shrub treated with sulphuric acid. Cocaine is composed of carbon, hydrogen and nitrotyl reduced to a sulphate. Each element of the compound has a direct influence on the nervous system, blood and lymphatics. It possesses the singular property of killing all sensation of pain in the parts where it is locally applied while elevating the mind of the patient to a pitch of exaltation absolutely without parallel.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Father Knew.

Mrs. Worth—John, I think this gold pen would be the most appropriate article we could send Harvey for a birthday present.

Mr. Worth—No, no; if we sent him that, the first use he'd make of it would be to write home for money, so we'll send him cash and make an end of it.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Wonderful Development.

Watts—The development of the sense of touch in the blind is something always a wonder to me.

Gotrox—I have it pretty well developed myself. I have got so I can tell a borrower two blocks away.—Indianapolis Journal.

Nomenclature.

"Have you studied any language beside English?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "three—golf, baseball and yachting."—Washington Star.

The man who reaches the railroad station two minutes after time and sees the train steaming out of the other end derives no satisfaction from the proverb, "Better late than never."—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

The Height of Oratory.

"And is Rockford so much of an orator?"

"Man, he could describe a boarding house dried beef supper in such language that your mouth would water with desire."—Rochester Herald.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is fairly active and prices steady.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

HOGS—Hogs are selling at easier prices. Provisions—Provisions are in fair demand at steady prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: No. 1 Cows and Heifers 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 6½@7 thin cows, 5@6c.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 220 lbs and under 5½@5¾c; over 220 to 300 lbs. 5@5½c; rough heavy hogs, 4½@5c.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, unshorn, 3½@4; shorn, 3¼c; Ewes, unshorn, 3¼@3½c; shorn, 3¼c.

Lambs, 4¼@4½c live wt. unshorn.

Calves—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 5@5½c; over 250 lbs 4@4½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 7@7½c; second quality, 7c; Third quality 6½c.

First quality cows and heifers, 6@6½c; second quality, 5½@6c; Third quality, 5@5½c.

Veal—Large, 6@7½c; small, 5½@6c.

Mutton—Wethers, 7@7½c; ewes, 6½@7c; Spring Lambs, 7½@8½c.

Dressed Hogs—Hard, 8@8½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 12½c; picnic hams, 9c; Atlanta ham, 9c; New York shoulder, 9c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 13c; light S. C. bacon, 12c; med. bacon, clear, 9½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9½c; clear light, 10½c; clear ex. light, 12c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$14 50; do, hf-bbl, \$7 50; Family beef, bbl, \$13 50; hf-bbl, \$7 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$13 00; do hf-bbl, \$6 75.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 8½c; do, light, 8c; do, Bellies, 9½c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 50; do, kits, \$1 30.

Lard—Prices are 9½c:

Tcs. ¼-bbls. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.

Compound 6¼ 6½ 6¾ 6¾ 7 7½

Cal. pure 7¼ 7½ 7¾ 7¾ 8 8½

In 3-b tins the price on each is ½c higher than on 5-b tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2 40; 1s \$1 40; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 40; 1s, \$1 40.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

FOR SALE.

One double-bed, one new lounge and other furniture. Inquire at Postoffice for particulars and prices.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

NOTICE.

Patrons of the Postoffice at this place will please take notice that hereafter no money orders will be issued after 6:30 o'clock, p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

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Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

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For the Celebrated Beers of the

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BREWERIES

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WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION TANFORAN PARK

SECOND MEETING:

December 4th to 16th, 1899, inclusive

SIX HIGH-CLASS RUNNING RACES EVERY WEEK DAY,

Rain or Shine, Beginning at 1:30 P. M.

The ideal winter racetrack of America.

Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Sts.

at 9:00, 10:40 and 11:30 a. m., and 12:15,

12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 p. m., returning

immediately after last race at 4:45 p. m.

Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia street cars 10 minutes later.

SAN JOSE AND WAY STATIONS—Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m.

Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

RATES—San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, \$1.25.

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F. H. GREEN, Secretary and Mgr.

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First-Class Work Guaranteed. Moderate Rates.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco, on Tuesday and Fridays every week.

J. T. CASEY, Agent.

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The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

COLMA, SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Ladies and Children Free.

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Bricks for Business Blocks, Dwellings, Roadways, Foundations, Sewers, Cisterns, Sidewalks, Mantels, Chimneys

—AT KILN PRICES—

Now is the time to build brick houses. Why not have the best for your money Plans and estimates of brick houses and dwellings furnished on application at prices to suit.

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South San Francisco Laundry

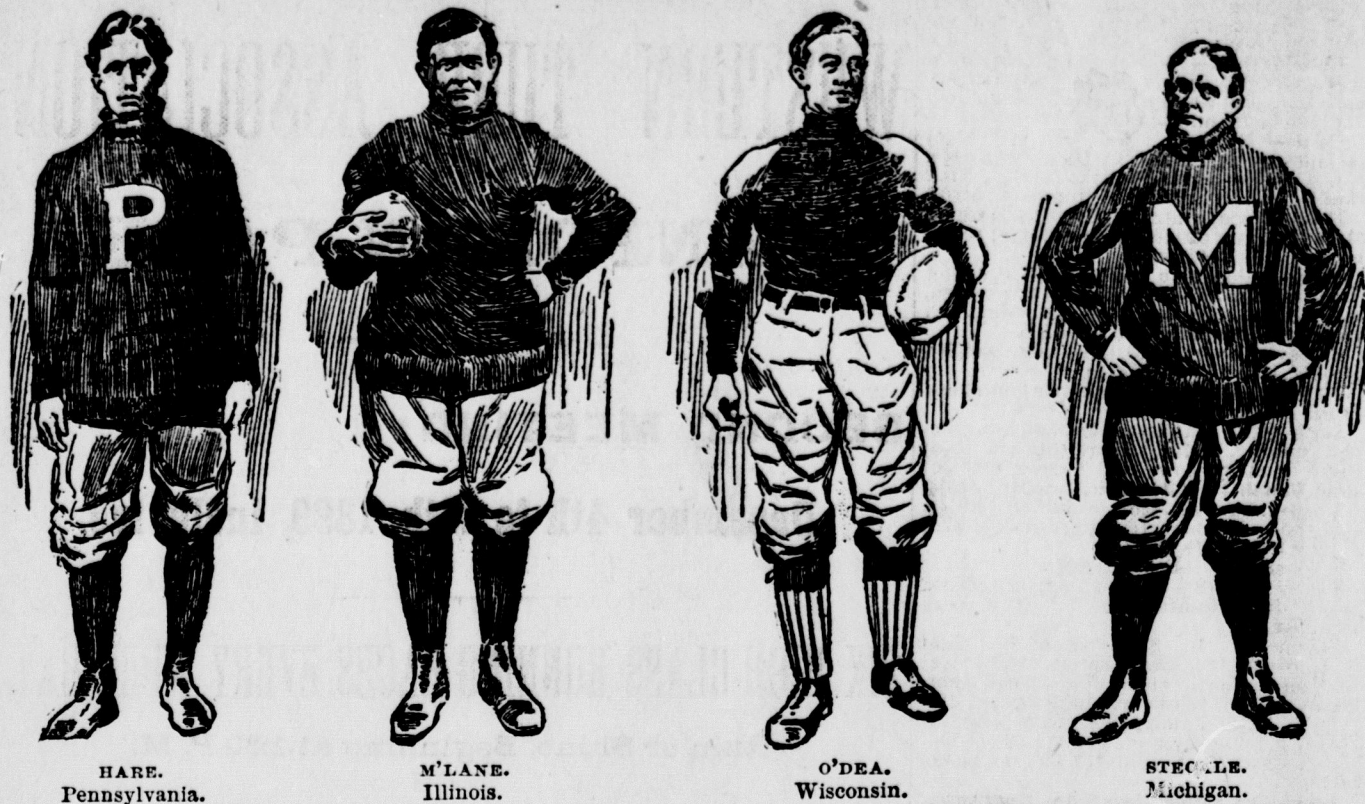
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Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of Flannels and Silks.

All Repairing Attended to Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,

South San Francisco, Cal.

FAMOUS FOOTBALL CAPTAINS.



GEN. MERRITT'S RISE.

MADE A MAJOR GENERAL AT THE AGE OF 27 YEARS.

He Won Seven Brevets and Promotions in Two Years and Came Out of the Civil War a Dashing Officer—"Little Phil" Praises Him.

Seven brevets and promotions, all for "gallant and meritorious service" in the field, all won in the space of two years, is the unique record established by Major General Wesley Merritt. Six times he was rewarded thus for bravery in particular engagements, and once for his service during the entire campaign. In 1860, at the age of 22, he graduated from West Point. He emerged from the war a major general at 27.

"It was in the battle of Beverly Ford that Merritt made his mark," says Gen. T. F. Rodenbough, who served with him through most of the rebellion. "He set it high up, too, for in that one day he jumped from the rank of captain, acting as colonel, to the position of brigadier general, and the command of the regular brigade, familiarly known as the Old Guard."

"In the spring of 1863 the Union cavalry, which had been split up into small divisions during the earlier part of the war, was reorganized, and Gen. Pleasanton was made chief of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. Merritt was assigned to the Second Cavalry, with the rank of captain."

"At the beginning of June it was reported that Lee was getting ready to move north, and a force of 10,000 cavalry was sent out to see if they could locate any large bodies of Confederate troops, with a view to determining the truth of this report. In the course of our expedition we ran into some 12,000 Confederate cavalry under 'Jeb' Stuart, not far from Culpeper. Fording the Rappahannock in the early morning we attacked the Confederates' camp."

"The ensuing engagement, known as the battle of Beverly Ford, is recognized by military writers as the most conspicuous cavalry engagement of the war. The numbers on each side were nearly equal, the ground was favorable for mounted operations, and the fighting lasted all day, from 5 in the morning until nearly 7 at night."

"There were two young officers on the Union side who won great glory that day. They were Merritt and Custer, both of whom were immediately afterwards made brigadier generals. Better than all else, Merritt won the warm commendation of his old commander, the gallant Buford, of whom he afterward wrote:

"His slightest praise was more valued by his officers than a brevet from the War Department."

"At the battle of Gettysburg, his next big fight, Merritt performed service which was not fully appreciated until later. His command got into the fight on the third day, the day after Pickett's charge, and engaged the extreme Confederate left near Round Top. He was facing a superior force, but he kept it so busy that when Lee sent word to Longstreet to move forward and back up Pickett Longstreet replied that the Yankee cavalry was giving him all that he could attend to, and that he was unable to help Pickett. Considering the mighty results that hung on small chances that day, it is difficult to say how great Merritt's service to the country really was. It did not go unrewarded, for Merritt was breveted major from July 1, 1863, for gallant and meritorious conduct."

On the 11th day of May, 1864, Sheridan was only six miles from Richmond, when he was opposed by Stuart's cavalry. The latter believed that the safety of their capital was at stake and fought like demons. Sheridan usually knew how his battles were coming out, but he was anxious on that day, and for a time the issue hung in the balance. Then a great cheer rose on the left of the Union line, and Merritt's and Wilson's divisions dashed forward in a sabre charge that swept the Confederates off the field and carried the day for Little Phil. That action made Merritt a brevet lieutenant colonel.

Merritt's fourth distinguished reward was won in the battle of Hovess' Shop, seventeen days later. Gregg's division and the brigades of Torbert and Merritt were opposed by the enemy from a strongly entrenched position. Mounted troops could not dislodge them, but the cavalymen held their own in the face of a galling fire until Custer's men, who had been hastily dismounted,

came up with hand playing and colors flying. "The music and the yell which always identified Custer's men was like an electric shock to us," says one of Merritt's officers, "and we went forward over the Confederate works as though carried on a wave. The General was in front among the Johnnies, yelling with the best of us. We were all delighted when he was brevetted colonel for his work on this day."

It was only a year from the time when Merritt was assigned to duty as a line officer with the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, and already his "gallant and meritorious conduct" had been rewarded four times from Washington. During the following year he added three more to his list of brevets.

When the battle of Winchester was begun Merritt was six miles away facing Breckinridge's column. He followed Breckinridge into the fight, although he knew nothing of the state of the battle or whether he might not have to face the whole Confederate force. He fell upon the line with a rush, breaking it, driving the cavalry back through the infantry lines, and in the words of Sheridan's report, "sent the enemy whirling through Winchester." For his service in this battle and at Fisher's Hill, one month later, Merritt became a brevet major general of volunteers from Oct. 19, 1864.

In the following spring occurred the battle of Five Forks, in which Merritt and Fitzhugh Lee fought on opposite sides. Some of the fiercest fighting of the whole war occurred here, and Gen. Merritt was in the thick of it. His cavalry command distinguished itself by its gallant work on ground as un-



GEN. WESLEY MERRITT.

suitable for the operations of mounted troops as any that could well be selected. It charged through woods and earthworks, captured a battery of artillery and carried everything before it. Merritt's bravery was again rewarded, this time by a brigadier generalship in the United States army, dating from March 13, 1865.

In the days succeeding this conflict, Merritt's command was in almost daily collision with the forces of the enemy down to April 19, when Lee surrendered the remnant of his defeated army. Gen. Merritt was one of those present at that memorable conference in McLean's house which marked the practical end of the attempt to disrupt the Union. He received the exceptional honor of a brevet major generalship, U. S. A., "for gallant and meritorious service during the campaign ending with the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia." This was one of the rare instances in which a division commander was rewarded for services during an entire campaign. At the same time he was appointed to a major generalship of volunteers with rank from April 1, 1865.

At the end of the war Merritt was regarded by those who had served with him as a most excellent officer. Gallant Phil Sheridan paid him this compliment during the Shenandoah campaign:

"I have one division commander who is always equal to any task that I can impose upon him. That is Merritt. Others are just as brave and just as well fitted for certain kinds of work, but Merritt seems to be able to cope with any emergency. He has the genius of calculation and can get himself out of a tight place as well as he can put the enemy into one."

QUEER TALE OF ARCTIC SEAS.

Ship Icebound for Fifty Years Drifts Into the Harbor of Corvo.

One of the most curious finds ever made from the sea was that which came to the Azores in 1858. The island of Corvo was then in possession of two

beach-combers, runaway English sailors. There came drifting into a little harbor one morning a craft which had evidently been frozen in the ice for a life-time, and had lately been released. It had come down from Davis strait, and was an ancient and battered hulk without masts, bulwarks, or name. The craft had been a brig, and she was a Russian. Her hatches were on and her cabin doors fast, and the hulk was buoyant. She had come out of the belly of an iceberg. She had little cargo, and that consisted of skins and furs in prime condition. No papers were found in her cabin, but it was figured that she was a sealer or trader, carrying a crew of ten or twelve, and that she had been provisioned for a year. The flour found aboard tasted like chalk, but the beef was perhaps better than the day it was put on board. She had been abandoned when frozen in, and the dark color of the woodwork and the growth of moss proved that she had drifted for years. Then she got fast in the ice, and became part of a berg.

The date of a letter found in her forecastle showed that she had been abandoned nearly half a century before. The hulk drifted on to a sandy beach, and the combers went to work on her. They got out the furs, which brought them \$4,000, hoisted out a couple of barrels of beef, and then set fire to the wreck, and little remained of her when the story leaked out. That the hulk had come down from the far north was proved only a few weeks later by the log of an English merchantman. She reported passing a great iceberg to the northwest of the Azores, and of seeing a curious object embedded in it fifty feet above the surface of the water. This object was believed to be a whale, but it was probably the hull of the brig. Getting down into the warm seas, the berg fell to pieces, and that queer old relic found herself afloat again.

THE OREGON'S GREAT VOYAGE.

Her Crew's Reception of the News of Dewey's Victory.

In his account of the great voyage of the Oregon in the Century, Lieutenant Eberle thus describes the receipt at Rio de Janeiro of the news of Dewey's victory:

"On the afternoon of the second day of May came the news of Commodore Dewey's superb victory in Manila bay. The scene that followed the publication of this news might be likened to an Indian war dance. Our black, coal-begrimed men fairly went wild. They cheered; they danced in the coal barges and on the docks, and made the harbor ring; and then the coal came on board more rapidly than ever, while the band played patriotic airs. All afternoon and well into the night there was a combination of music, cheers, and shoveling coal. There were cheers for Commodore Dewey, for the Asiatic Squadron, and for our captain and officers. Our minister and the American colony came on board and joined in the love feast."

"On May 5, when upon the high seas, all hands were called aft on the quarterdeck, and the captain read to the men a portion of the message which told that the Spanish fleet was supposed to be in search of the Oregon. This was followed by a scene of great enthusiasm, 500 men joining in an outburst of cheers for the Oregon, her captain, and her officers. Every preparation was made to meet the enemy's fleet. The ship was 'cleared for action.' All woodwork was torn out. Even the expensive mahogany pilot-house was reduced to a skeleton in order to prevent its being set on fire by Spanish shells. The ship was painted the dull gray war color, and the graceful white vessel that had steamed out of Rio harbor, was transformed into an ugly lead-colored fighter. To lessen the danger of conflagration, preparations were made to throw overboard all our boats upon sighting the enemy's fleet. Everybody was eager for active duty at any odds."

"Before leaving Rio our men had purchased a large supply of red ribbon, of which they made cap bands, bearing in letters cut out of brass, the inspiring words, 'Remember the Maine,' and this legend the cap of every Oregon man bore throughout the war."

Mother Worship in Turkey.

The strongest sentiment of the Turk is his reverence for his mother. He always stands in her presence until invited to sit down, a compliment he pays to no one else.

A boy's first lesson at school is that his slate and lead pencil are not good to eat.

SHORTER EUROPEAN MAIL TIME.

The Scheme Includes Railway to Louisville, C. B., and a Fast Fleet.

A scheme which postoffice and railway authorities have had under consideration for some years is said to have been revived, whereby a fast mail service is to be inaugurated between Louisville, Boston and New York, shortening the time between Liverpool and New York City by about forty-eight hours.

In connection with the railroad project a fleet of ocean greyhounds, equaling in speed such ships as the Oceanic and the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, is to be put into service between the Nova Scotia ports and Liverpool. The distance from Louisville to Liverpool is given as 2,240 miles. Steamers of the speed of the vessels mentioned could cover the route in about four days and the railroad run to New York via Montreal would be covered in about forty hours, while Boston could be reached in about twenty-four hours, or five days from Liverpool. If mail can be landed in Boston in five days from Liverpool it follows that passengers will be attracted by this route.

The best time from Liverpool to Boston now is seven days. Boston receives most of her European mail via New York and most of it is dispatched that way. The consequent rehandling of mail at New York causes a delay of twelve hours or more, considerable time to those anxious to hear from friends or

to show Campos that he understood and was appreciative, he inquired: "Do you smoke, senor?"

"Yes, Zhenereal," Campos answered, thinking, too, that things were coming his way in great shape, "I smoke zome time."

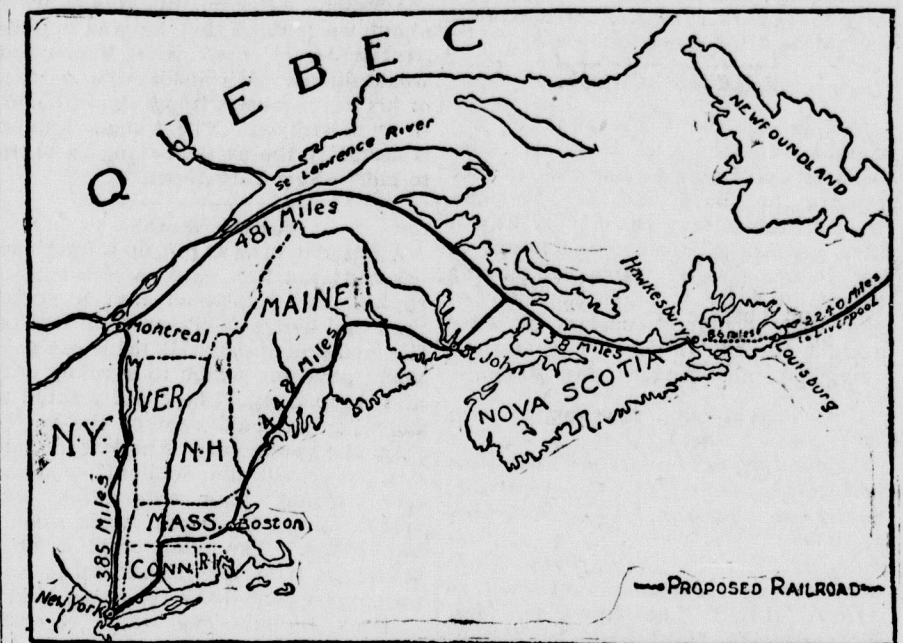
"Have a cigar," and Ludlow handed over a box of fine Havanas. "These are said to be excellent."

Campos took one; so did Ludlow. The American then picked up the fifty, and as he rolled it idly into a long, thin taper, he remarked: "Senor, I like these, and like all kinds of money. Have a light."

Ludlow struck a match, and as Campos made ready to receive it the officer lit the fifty-dollar paper and handed it to his caller. "Yes, I like this paper money," continued the American, nonchalantly, "it makes such convenient cigar lighters."

Campos' hand trembled as he lit his Havana with his own money. His face was a picture of conflicting emotion and passion. It was gray and green and red and white. His lips twitched, and he was dumb when Ludlow, now exclaiming the Castilian at his own polished politeness, remarked: "I'll take a light if you are through with it," and then he, too, lit a cigar with the price of a suit of clothes.

"Now, what kind of a franchise do you want?" he went on, but Campos begged to be excused for the while, pleading an important engagement



HOW TO SAVE TWO DAYS ON EUROPEAN MAILS.

shape their business by European advice.

The scheme referred to comprehends the building of eighty-six miles of railroad from Louisville to Hawkesbury, N. S. From this point an excellent railroad connection may be made to United States ports. Louisville is the most easterly port in Nova Scotia, and is a well-sheltered harbor, which does not freeze in winter time.

The distances from Louisville to New York via the Montreal route over the Canadian Pacific, as figured by an official of that road, are as follows:

Louisburg to Hawkesbury, 86 miles. Hawkesbury to St. John, 338 miles. St. John to Montreal, 481 miles. Montreal to New York, 385 miles. Adding the ocean distance from Liverpool to Louisville gives a total of 3,580 miles.

The distances via Boston to New York are reckoned as follows:

Louisburg to Hawkesbury, 86 miles. Hawkesbury to St. John, 338 miles. St. John to Boston, 448 miles. Boston to New York, 233 miles. Adding to this the ocean distance of 2,240 miles makes a total of 3,345 miles, and almost 200 miles in favor of the Boston route.

SMOKED WITH GEN. LUDLOW.

The General Furnished the Cigars and the Spaniard the Light.

"Good afternoon, Zhenereal Ludlow," and the American military commander of the city of Havana lifted his eyes from a document he was examining and greeted his visitor. The latter was an oily, smooth-tongued, plausible Spaniard, by name—well, I have forgotten it, if ever I did know it, but Campos will answer the purpose. Before the stranger sat down he extended his right hand to the General, saying at the same time, "I am so ple-e-ased to see you, Zhenereal."

While his well-lubricated tongue and right palm were thus engaged momentarily, Campos' left was playing its little part. The Spaniard had cunningly reached over Ludlow's desk with that member, and as he took his seat and it was withdrawn the officer's sharp, quick eye noted that a fifty-dollar bill was lying under his nose. He divined instantly the purpose of Campos' visit, and almost as quickly made up his mind what to do. Without appearing to have seen the currency snuggling so close in his inside pocket that it might have jumped into it, he assumed a pleasant, debonaire manner, and inquired: "Well, senor, what can I do for you to-day?"

Campos already was beginning to think he had won his game. His eyes sparkled, his face lit up with a happy smile, and in his most courteous tone he said:

"Well, Zhenereal, I would like to get a franchise—a concession, you know." "Oh, yes," replied Ludlow, apparently entering into the spirit of the other, "and, of course, you expect to pay for it?"

"Yes, yes," returned Campos with an eagerness he could not conceal. "I'll pay for it—something," and then he fixed his eyes on the fifty-dollar bill lying on the desk. He looked at it so steadfastly that Ludlow scarcely could restrain a smile, and for fear of embarrassing the visitor he, too, looked down, and for the first time appeared to see it. Then, as though on the impulse of the moment, and in order

COLONY ON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

Juan Fernandez Will Soon Be Inhabited by an Industrious People.

The island of Juan Fernandez, upon which Alexander Selkirk was exiled for a time and whose adventures formed the basis for "Robinson Crusoe," is about to be turned into a colony.

Robinson Crusoe, or rather a prototype of Robinson Crusoe, existed under the name of Alexander Selkirk. That Defoe knew Selkirk's story there can be no doubt, for he closely kept to the facts of Selkirk's existence on the island of Juan Fernandez. Even the story of Crusoe's man Friday has a foundation of truth, for Selkirk rescued a stray Indian from death. This man had become separated from a party who had landed on the island and, being lost in the woods, was left behind and would have died had not Selkirk discovered him.

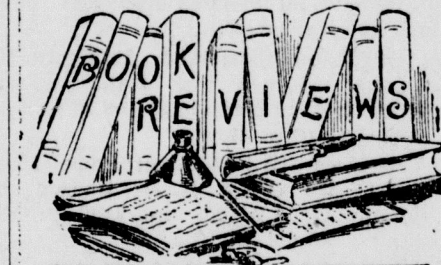
Friday's death did not occur in such a dramatic manner as Defoe described it, however, for Selkirk's retainer was drowned while fishing.

Barren as the place seemed to Selkirk, it contains many flourishing spots. The fruit trees which he planted have reproduced themselves and peaches, quinces, pears and grapes are in abundance. A man who had a stock farm on the island for some reason abandoned the undertaking several years ago and turned his live stock loose. Cattle, sheep, goats and pigs are now found in a wild state, so that the colonists are likely to have some good sport.

The sea swarms with codfish, which should provide occupation for anglers. The settlers are likely to be abundantly supplied with meat, fish and fruit.

The island, which is in the Pacific Ocean, has been occupied by a few German and Chilean families, numbering about fifteen persons in all. It is now proposed by the Chilean government to turn the island into a colony and about 150 hardy Chileans will form the nucleus of the settlement, which it is proposed to christen "Crusoe's Island."

The cottage which Selkirk built and which Defoe describes still exists as a broken down shanty.



Augustus Thomas' new play, "Arizona," will soon be published in book form, with a dozen illustrations, and a cover designed by Frederic Remington.

It is rumored that the Harper-McClure combination will result in a new cyclopedia constructed on lines surpassing those of any now in existence.

As a companion volume to "Miss America," by Alexander Black, Charles Scribner's Sons issue this year a book called "Modern Daughters," profusely illustrated.

A new romance by Rider Haggard deals with the times of Holland under William the Silent, and is to be called "The Secret of Sword Silence." It will appear as a serial in the London Graphic in 1900.

"That Fortune," a new novel by Charles Dudley Warner, completes the chronicles of Henderson, who figured in "A Little Journey in the World" and "The Golden House." The millions pass to another operator.

"Peeps' Ghost," by Edwin Emerson, is a chronicle of the present day written in the style of Samuel Peeps, which, of course, makes a racy book. It discourses of literary and artistic people of New York, and even refers sportively to "my new hatte, bought of Knox the hatter, dimpled in shamefully." (The dimples refer, doubtless, to the "hatte," and not to Mr. Knox.)

Justin McCarthy's reminiscences have been quite the book of the hour in England. It is understood that at the outset 2,000 copies of the English edition were printed. The issue has now been followed by another. Mr. McCarthy now intends to devote himself to the completion of his history of the four Georges. That task will occupy him for probably a year to come.

The Bay View Reading Circle is rather unique in its labors. For six years it has labored to promote more private study and better reading, and now at the close of its sixth year reports a membership of nearly 8,000 and a steady annual gain of almost 2,000. It is particularly successful in the West and South, where hundreds of local circles have organized to take its short and systematic courses, while scores of clubs have adopted them. It now publishes the Bay View Magazine, which supplies a multitude of helps and supplemental reading. Its new course is on Russia, with two months in Holland.

Crusade Against Slang in Kentucky. Kentucky club women have undertaken a crusade against slang. The federation of that State has prepared a petition that is to be sent to school principals and teachers asking their co-operation to secure a more careful use of English. The petition further declares that the great amount of ungrammatical and poor English and slang so constantly heard in the home, the schoolroom and on the street should not exist.

Voting in Bavaria. Only 21 per cent. of the population of Bavaria are entitled to vote, and of these 21 per cent. only 39 per cent. took the trouble to vote at the last elections for the Landtag.

Among the things a woman should not do is to marry a man to whom she has been lending money.

A LIFE-LESSON.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild days
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But heaven holds all for which you sigh—
There! little girl; don't cry!

'RASTUS.

'RASTUS was born during the wonderful days when Sherman marched to the sea, and his birthplace was in the contraband camp amidst the smoke of burning plantations and the rumbling sound of marching feet. Small wonder, then, that from his earliest walking days 'Rastus was filled with the martial spirit.

While other pickaninnies were playing with mud pies, 'Rastus was parading with a crooked stick for a gun and filling the air with his fierce commands to an imaginary squad of faithful black soldiers.

"Pears lak de debble wus in dat 'Rastus," said his fond mammy, as she watched his military evolutions in front of the cabin. "He dun gotter noshun in dat brack skull dat he's gwine t' be a sojor."

And 'Rastus had exactly that notion concealed in the active little brain beneath the kinks of his thick hair.

"Dat 'Rastus boy he don't appear t' be wuth shucks," said 'Rastus' mother



"A STALWART MAN WITH KINKY HAIR LEAPS UPON THE BREASTWORKS."

very often, as she watched the years go by and noted that her boy had no taste for work, but continued to ape the military officers who were stationed in the vicinity during the reconstruction days. And even when the officers went home and left the South to civil law, 'Rastus continued to avoid work as his forebears were wont to avoid the patrol, and play "sojor."

And so the years went by. 'Rastus grew to manhood, big, black and stalwart, with the reputation of being "de laziest, no 'count niggah" in all that section.

It was only when the militia paraded on the Glorious Fourth or marched with solemn tread on Memorial day that 'Rastus' dull eyes lighted up. Then he straightened up and actually moved quickly, keeping step with the drum and imitating the uniformed men marching along with rhythmic step.

And the day that the Tenth—the brave colored regiment—went through 'Rastus' home town was the greatest day in the black man's history. 'Rastus was at the depot and eyed the black troopers as they sauntered to and fro on the depot platform, and his dusky face seemed almost inspired.

After the train had gone 'Rastus was nowhere to be seen.

A few days later 'Rastus' mother received a letter—the first one she had ever received—and it told her that her boy was at last a real "sojor," a recruit in the Tenth.

The smoke lay thick above the lines of the American army, stretched out around the base of San Juan Hill. Stretched out in a long, thin line at the front lay the famed "Rough Riders," awaiting the signal to sweep up the hill in the face of a fire whose like had turned back seasoned veterans of many wars ago.

Back of the "Rough Riders" lay the thin, blue line of volunteers, whose black powder made them easy marks for the Spanish sharpshooters, and in the rear, eyes and teeth gleaming, and breath coming in labored gasps between thick lips, lay the black line of the Tenth.

History was about to be made, and the great writer thereof waited but for the word to dip his master pen in the blood of the nation's best and begin the task of writing it.

Who gave the command? God only knows. But some one gave it, and with a whoop learned on the great ranches of the West the "Rough Riders" started up the flame-swept hill. A dash of a few yards, a halt to fire, and then another dash. See them fall!

See the line waver! Where are the volunteers? There they come struggling and surraging, each man for him-

self, for the officers have disappeared. Brave men are they, but what can men do in a time like this without leaders? Can the "rough riders" live through that awful fire? Will help never come?

Ah, thank God! There is the wild, weird shout of the "buffalo soldiers." Hear them singing as they rush to their death or to a glorious victory. Forgotten are the years when the flag that led them was a flaunting lie. Forgotten are the days when oppression under that flag was their lot! Remembered only is the fact that under that flag they are to-day freemen! And on come the gallant black boys, sweeping through the ranks of the brave but disorganized volunteers, up against the wavering line of plainmen and city men enlisted in the "Rough Riders," who will be wiped off the earth before they fall back.

A braver charge was never made than that of the Tenth on that awful day when Spain's hold in the Western hemisphere was loosed forever, and her days of cruel oppression ended within sound of the shores where freedom reigns supreme.

And 'Rastus! The sound of the first shot awakened within him the martial spirit born with him in the contraband camp within sight of the campfires of "Uncle Billy." The command to "forward, charge!" filled his soul with glee, and up he went, forgetful of alignment—of everything but his bounden duty to ballast with Uncle Sam's lead as many "Spanyahds" as possible. On he goes, kneeling, firing, running, kneeling and firing again, until the barrel of his Krag-Jorgensen blisters the palms of his black hands.

See, the man with the colors is falling! But the loved emblem does not touch the ground. With a wild shout 'Rastus seizes it. He drops his rifle and with his disengaged hand whips out his revolver and goes ahead. His comrades—white and black—see the colors advancing, and they spring forward with renewed zeal. There is no color line on that bloody day. Dirt and dust and powder smoke make white and black look alike.

See, the Spaniards are deserting the last intrenchment. They are fleeing in dismay before the strange enemy that fires and comes on instead of firing and falling back. A stalwart man with kinky hair and gleaming eyes and glistening teeth—a man who bears in one hand the colors of the Tenth and in the other a clubbed revolver—leaps upon the breastworks. A Spaniard thrusts at him with shining bayonet, but is beaten down with the butt of the revolver. The staff of the Tenth colors is thrust into the bank and the kinky-haired man is over in the trenches, grappling with the Spaniards who have remained to prove that the spirit of old Castile has not wholly died out.

And when the conglomerate mass of black soldiers and "Rough Riders" come up to the colors and seize the trenches they see in the midst of a circle of dead Spaniards the prostrate form of a black, kinky-haired soldier, and they knew he was of the gallant Tenth.

"Ah reckon, I gotter few o' dem Spanyahds faded," gasped the dying trooper as he gazed at the waving folds of the flag his hands had planted on the Spanish earthworks.

And white and black alike stooped over 'Rastus and with gleaming eyes watched the life of the brave black man go out beneath the flag he had honored.

Yes, the "colored troops fought nobly" that day—as they have always fought when called upon to fight under the flag that was once the emblem of their oppression, but to-day the emblem of their freedom.

And in an humble cabin there sits an old black mammy whose chiefest treasure is a short letter written on a scrap of brown paper and signed by an officer of the Tenth. It told her that 'Rastus was dead—"died on the field of battle."—Omaha World-Herald.

He Merely Didn't Think.

Used to let his poor old mother go and carry in the wood;
She was just a packhorse fer him, but he never understood;
Never thought of bringin' water from the spring down by the lane;
Or of helpin' her to gather in the cobs before the rain;
Let her keep a-waitin' on him, though her back was achin' so—
'Twasn't 'cause he didn't love her—he just didn't think, you know.

Then he went away and married—left her livin' there alone—
'Course his wife she didn't want her—she had people of her own—
And he carried in the kindlin' and he built the fires, too;
And, to tell the truth, I dunno what there was he didn't do—
Had to hustle, now, I tell you! Got to thinkin' too, at last,
That he might have been a little mite more thoughtful in the past.

After while the weary mother put her burdens all away,
And we went and heard the preacher praise the poor old soul one day,
And I stood and looked down at her when they pushed the lid aside—
Poor old hands I didn't wonder that her boy sat there and cried,
Just as if he couldn't bear it—just as if his heart'd break—
He had kind of got to seein' what she'd suffered for his sake.

There's a lot of kinds of sinnin' that the good book tells about—
Sins concernin' which a body needn't ever be in doubt,
But there's one sin that I reckon many a man who doesn't think
Will be held to strict account fer when he goes across the brink—
For the wrong that's done a person by, another's want of thought
Hurts as much as though the injured was the victim of a plot!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

But few people want the things that are to be had for the asking.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE

THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAID DIFFERENTLY.

Errors Into Which Clergymen and Others Are Sometimes Led by Bashfulness or Abstemiousness, or a Little of Both.

Mainly About People has collected the following curious slips of the tongue: A fashionable congregation was once startled by hearing the reverend gentleman announce that they were about to sing "Hymn No. 338—From Iceland's Greasy Mountains." After this they listened with equanimity when they were reminded that they should not covet their neighbor's house, "nor his 'oss, nor his axe." Preaching before a "varsity congregation on the Queen's diamond jubilee, he remarked, impressively: "Now, my brethren, you have a queer dean, a very queer dean, a very queer dean indeed." As it was widely known that he had recently a serious difference with the dean of his college, the slip was intensely enjoyed.

The same reverend gentleman once assured his hearers that they all knew what it was to have "a half-learned fish" within them. "A half-learned fish" he meant. On another occasion he referred to "Bon the Japtist." Feeling dimly that there was something wrong, he tried to correct matters: "No, no; I mean the Japtist Bon!"

Another dear old college gentleman had occasion to reprimand an undergraduate who had wasted two consecutive terms in youthful follies. After lecturing the delinquent severely in his queerly high-pitched voice, the dean finished by saying: "I am sorry to have to speak so severely to you, but I am credibly informed that you have broken many rules of the college; you have been incorrigibly lazy, and, to cap it all, you have deliberately tasted two worms!"

"Are you fond of music, Mr. —?" "Yes," was the divine's answer, "but I don't know very much about it. I don't think I have a very good ear; in fact, the only two tunes I really know are 'God Save the Weasel' and 'Pop Goes the Queen!'"

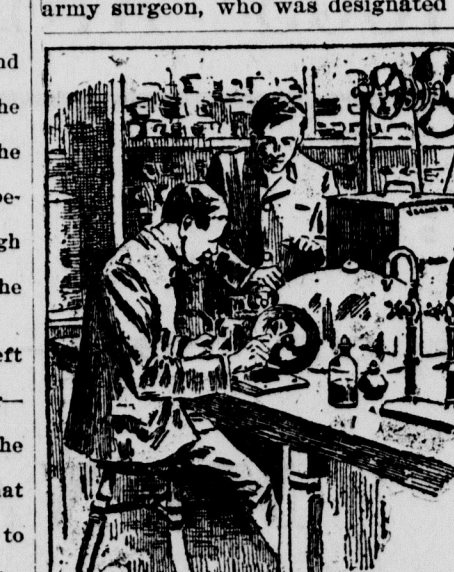
And this reminds one of a dinner tale. The stage was desert. Hostess: "What will you have, Mr. Jones?" There are nuts, oranges, figs." Mr. Jones: "Pigs, please!"

At the licensing session held in a certain west-country town recently the chairman, dealing with the statutory limit of bona fide travelers and getting his expressions a little mixed, referred to it as being "three miles as the 'flow cries.'" A limb of the law who was engaged in the case ventured to correct his worship. With a deferential smile, this exponent tried to amend the phrase: "Your worship means as the 'fly crows'—or rather," he added hastily, "as the 'cry flows!'" No one was sufficiently rash to make a further attempt.

It would not be a fair to mention the name of the modern Mrs. Malaprop, who recently made the quaintest faux pas. The conversation turned on a forthcoming fancy dress ball, to which all the house party was going. She was asked what dress she proposed to wear. "I'm having a dress copied from an old French print. It's the period of the revolution. The picture is one of Marat being murdered in his bath by Charlotte Bronte!" It would have been most impolite to correct her, and no one ever knew whether it was mere ignorance, confusion of ideas, or absence of mind.

TRANSMITTED BY MOSQUITOES.

London Royal Medical Society Asserts Manson's Theory to Be Correct. One of the most important works undertaken by the Royal Medical Society during the past year was assigned to Major Ross, the well-known English army surgeon, who was designated to



EXAMINING THE MOSQUITOES.

make investigations with respect to Dr. Patrick Manson's theory that the mosquito is the main means of transmitting the malarial microbe, which has created such a dire havoc within the ranks of the English army. Major Ross went to India to study the conditions best in their natural state, taking with him machines of the greatest delicacy with which to pursue his investigations.

As a result of his labors he has developed that the mosquito, or a certain species of mosquito, the anopheles, is unquestionably the agent, if not the direct cause, of the wide spread of malaria through all the tropical countries.

Major Ross' report says: "We have found (a) that local species of mosquitoes carry malaria. (b) That these species breed in a few stagnant puddles. "For many scientific reasons we have come to the conclusion that the truly malarial fever is caused solely by the mosquito—probably entirely by the anopheles species. We estimate, then,

that most of the malarial fever can be got rid of at almost no cost, except of a little energy."

In the course of his investigation he has studied the mosquito most thoroughly. His treatment of the insect is quite remarkable. The most striking machine which he uses to facilitate his research is a guillotine, which cuts the insect into sixty distinct and separate sections so small that every minute detail can be studied under the microscope.

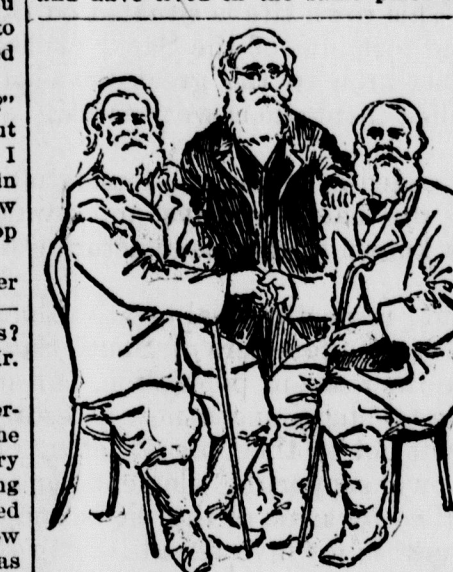
In order to do this the body of the insect is hardened by successive treatments with various kinds of acids and spirits. It is then plunged in melted wax. When this wax cools it sets hard around him and enables the keen blade of the guillotine to cut him into the most minute shavings, each of which can be mounted and then examined under the microscope.

In this way the minute stomach of the insect is studied carefully, and the deadly microbe which he keeps there discovered and examined.

THREE OLD BROTHERS.

Combined Ages of Three Russians Are Said to Amount to 350 Years.

It is not popularly supposed that the conditions which surround the lives of the peasants of Russia are conducive to good health or longevity, yet the Russian papers have recently printed pictures of three peasants—brothers—who are, beyond doubt, the three oldest members of a single family alive. The family name of the three remarkable old men is Kovalenko. Michael, the eldest, is 120 years old, the same age as was Moses at his "passing." The second brother is only two years younger, having already celebrated his 118th birthday. The youngest of this remarkable family has seen 112 summers and winters. The venerable brothers are still strong and healthy, and have lived in the same place all



THREE BROTHERS WHOSE COMBINED AGES AMOUNT TO 350 YEARS.

their lives. There is no question of doubt about the correctness of the ages given, for every Russian must have his "papers," in which the date of his birth is officially entered, and without which he cannot live in any part of the empire.

VELOCITY OF FALLING.

In a Vacuum All Fall Alike—Not So in the Atmosphere.

The old-time query as to which of the two, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers, dropped from the same height at the same time, would first reach the ground, seems ever new. Some one propounded it to the wise man of the Scientific American last week, using instead of lead and feathers an ounce and a tone of iron. And this is how the wise man responded:

"This matter was put to the test of experiment by Galileo at the Leaning Tower of Pisa in the seventeenth century, with two balls of lead, weighing one and ten pounds respectively. The followers of Aristotle had taught for centuries that the balls would fall in proportion to their weights, the heavier one falling the faster. Galileo pointed out the fact that the lighter one would reach the ground first because the air would resist the fall of the larger one more than it would that of the smaller. He had previously demonstrated the law of falling bodies that the velocity under the action of gravity is independent of the mass of the body. Experiment confirmed his position. The small ball reached the earth first. In a vacuum all bodies fall with the same velocity through any distance. As a practical statement, it may be taken as true that small dense bodies will conform to the theoretical laws, falling any distance less than 200 feet, in the atmosphere. But with an ounce and a ton there would be a perceptible difference. The ounce ball would fall the faster. Facts like this are now adays demonstrated by even elementary students in almost every class in physics in the country."

Exclusiveness of De Reszke.

Jean de Reszke is the only one of the grand opera singers whom it is impossible to hire for private musicals. He will sing an entire evening at the house of a fellow artist, but becomes positively angry when singing in private houses for money is suggested. He once visited the house of the Rothschilds in Paris, and delighted his host by singing a number of songs. The baron, who had tried to get him to sing at private entertainments a number of times, but never succeeded, now resolved to reward the singer in what he considered the proper way. At the close of the evening he presented De Reszke with a blank check, signed, asking him to fill it up for any amount he wished. De Reszke took the check and as he tore it to pieces said:

"My friend, I am your guest. If I took your check I should deserve to be kicked from your door. I sang only for pleasure."

Be sure you are right—but don't be too sure that everybody else is wrong.

LOSS OF BIG THINGS.

SOME IMMENSE OBJECTS THAT ARE MISLAID.

Railroad that Had to Advertise to Ascertain the Whereabouts of a Twenty-eight-Ton Bridge—Unaccountable Disappearance of a Heavy Boiler.

Human nature will insist on losing and mislaying things, but when the articles get to be as big as a boiler or a bridge, human ingenuity falls to understand how it happened.

A short time ago a Western railroad had to issue a pathetic advertisement in the local papers. They had fixed a twenty-eight-ton steel bridge on three flat cars chained together and dispatched it to Dayton, Ohio, with their blessing.

At an intermediate station the bridge was observed to be bearing the journey extremely well, and was seemingly in the best of spirits; nevertheless, when the train arrived at its destination not a sign of the bridge could be discovered, and owing to the inability of the company to discover any trace of their lost property, the advertisement was issued begging the public, should it meet with a wandering bridge, to return it to its owners with all dispatch, when a substantial reward would be given in exchange.

On the Belgian railway line between Antwerp and Termonde a catastrophe was thought to have occurred early in the spring of 1897. The passengers at the intermediate stations between these places, after waiting for some time for the train due to leave the former place at eight minutes past 7 in the evening, were not a little alarmed when no train was forthcoming. Many people thought an accident had happened, others shook their heads and thought of all the kidnapping stories they had ever read, while the light-hearted suggested that the errant train had lost its way. As a matter of fact, there was no accident and no trainwreck, nor did the engine lose its way; indeed, the only individuals who lost anything were the officials, who lost their heads, and, by an unaccountable oversight, forgot to dispatch the train.

Railway wagon No. 60,474 is the property of the London and Northwestern Railway, and fifteen months ago it was missing, with its contents, consisting of one ton of copper. Toward the end of August the wagon turned up on a siding at Leicester, but how it got there passed the understanding of all railway men.

A year ago an advertisement appeared in an English country paper stating that a reward of £50 was offered by a great engineering firm to any one who produced a full-grown torpedo that had been lost about a mile and a half east of the Trow rocks. It was comforting to learn that there were no explosives in the torpedo. Strangely enough a month later, a similar "fish" put in an appearance at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk. This torpedo was marked with a crown and numbered 2414 X, and though originally charged with a working pressure of 1,050 pounds, when it was recovered it was exhausted.

Early in 1887 a peculiar case was tried at Woolwich regarding an extraordinary piece of lost property. It appeared that a man bought for \$75 a boiler, whose size can be estimated from the fact that it took six horses and twenty men to move it. While this operation was being carried out the boiler, by some remarkable freak, managed to lose itself, and where it went to no man knew, nor could they find out, though the police were put on its track, and it was requested to return to its sorrowful friends.

Some years elapsed, and then, when a surveyor in the office of works was estimating the value of a fine crop of scrap iron that a piece of ground known as "No Man's Land" had yielded, he spied the boiler; but, being ignorant of its history, ordered it to be sold at auction, at which sale it realized \$125.00. Then the original owner recognized his long-lost property, and sued the surveyor for the \$75 it cost him. Eventually the judge awarded him \$50, while the surveyor received \$1 for the trespass. It was learned that the three-years-lost boiler had hid itself on a piece of land quite near its owner's residence.—New York Press.

Brutes Have Good Eyesight.

"It is a singular fact," said a man in the show business, "that illusions, as we call 'em, don't fool animals. I've seen that proved over and over again. A few years ago I had what is known as the 'Mystic Maze' at the Nashville exposition. It was simply a room filled with mirrors so arranged that you seemed to be in a narrow corridor full of turns. It was very puzzling, and I used to get lost in the place myself, but it never bothered my dog a moment. He would run through it from end to end at full speed and never bump against a mirror."

"I saw something in the same line in Frisco not long ago. A friend of mine had an illusion called 'the haunted swing.' You get in what seems to be an ordinary swing, hung in the center of a good-sized room, and the thing began to move. It goes back and forth and finally clear over the top—that is to say, it seems to. What really turns round is the room itself—the swing standing perfectly still. It is a good illusion, and when the room is revolving rapidly there never was a man who could keep his head in the 'swing.'"

"It seems as if he must certainly pitch out, and if the motion is kept up he gets deadly sick. But a pet cat belonging to my friend used to lie on the edge of the seat and never turn a hair, no matter how fast the thing was worked."

"The elder Herrmann told me that animals were never deceived by false table legs, built up with looking glasses and used in stage tricks. They always passed around on the other side. I guess they must see better, somehow, than men."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Mistaken Identity.

The little daughter of a distinguished French scientist had never seen a monkey; so when an organ grinder, accompanied by Jocko in cap and jacket, appeared before the house her father took her out to view the creature's antics, expecting that she would be much amused; but after a single glance the little maid hid her eyes against her father's coat skirts and refused to look again, seeming much frightened and distressed.

He soothed and coaxed her, wishing to overcome her fears, but for some time in vain. She would not for a moment think of feeding the monkey with a biscuit, as she was urged to do; indeed, she would not even lift her face. "But you are really very silly," the father said at last, turning to take her indoors. "He is such a harmless little animal."

"Animal!" cried the little girl, stopping short. "Oh, let me feed it, papa, that will be fun! I don't mind animals, but I thought it was such a dreadful little boy."—Pearson's Magazine.

Topics of the Times

The people of Pittsburgh have voted in favor of the expenditure of \$7,000,000 for the improvement of parks, waterworks, fire department and sewers.

Lexington, Mass., is already making preparations for an elaborate celebration it is intended to have April 19, 1890, of the hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle there.

It is predicted that in less than five years the sturgeon will become practically extinct in the great lakes and on the Atlantic coast unless their existence be maintained by artificial propagation.

Something entirely new in China is that the red cross floats over a fully equipped hospital, where from fifty to 100 or more patients are treated daily. The hospital is in charge of four native physicians.

At San Jose, Cal., the school board has come to the rescue of the salmon canneries. The opening of the schools was postponed for two weeks in order to allow the employment during the rush of the city's school children.

There is a lemon grove of 1,000 acres in San Diego County, California, and it is said to be the largest in the world. It was begun in 1890, when 170 acres were planted, and it has been annually added to, until it has reached its present size.

According to a recent official return, England during the last ten years has paid off \$355,000,000 of her national debt, and as a matter of rank in the debtor nations has sunk to third place, France and Russia occupying respectively the first two.

The last Federal census showed that during the ten years 1867-1876 there were 121,121 divorces in the United States, and during the next ten years, 1877-1886, there were 206,595 divorces. The ratio of increase greatly exceeded that of the population.

The American Jewish Yearbook gives the Jewish population of the country, as 1,043,800. It is stated that of these there are 400,000 in New York, 95,000 in Illinois, 95,000 in Pennsylvania, 50,000 in Ohio, 35,000 in California, 35,000 in Maryland and 35,000 in Missouri.

An ice man in St. Louis, who lost his right eye by an accident, was married a few days since, and his fellow-workmen, desirous of giving him something that should combine beauty with utility, made up a fund, and with it purchased a glass eye as a wedding present to him.

The Mississippi State Board of Health is pronounced in favor of the policy of isolation and disinfection of first cases of yellow fever, rejecting the old plan of local shotgun quarantine against infected towns as barbarous, inefficient and destructive to the best interests of the State.

Lyman Barnes, of Ottawa, Kan., tried to enlist in the army, but found himself four pounds short in weight. He went away, and for twenty-four hours stuffed himself with food, with the result of gaining the four pounds and admission into the service. The local paper says that he ate ten meals in one night and a day.

Hobson City, the new town in Alabama founded by and for the use of the colored race, has its charter, its mayor, council and city officers, but it lacks the wherewithal to make it go. It has no money, and as no taxes can be assessed until next year the mayor has asked for voluntary contributions to meet absolute expenses.

Herman McIntyre is suing the city of Binghamton, N. Y., for damages. Some time ago, under city authority, the number 13 was tacked on the door of his residence. Since then on Jan. 13 his wife died, and on May 13 his house burned down. He is sure that the unlucky number which the city tacked on his door has hoodooed him.

A firm in Albany, N. Y., recently sent an advertisement to La Presse, a newspaper printed in Montreal, and by return mail received the following: "Replying to your favor of the 8th inst., we are sorry to say that we do not publish any advertisement having for its object the immigration of our people to the United States. Yours truly, La Presse."

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